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REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

The Travels of Macarius, Patriarch of Antioch. Written by his Attendant, Archdeacon Paul of Aleppo, in Arabic. Part the First—Anatolia, Homelia, and Moldavia. Translated by F. C. Belfour, A.M. Oxon. &c. &c. &c. 4to. London, 1834. Murray; Parbury, Allen, and Co.; Howell and Co.

This is the first of five parts of the Travels of Macarius, published between 1829 and the present year, for which we are already indebted to the Oriental Translation Committee, and of which other three parts, yet to appear, will form the entire volume. We have refrained from reviewing them as they came out, waiting for the more complete view of a work so curious and interesting before we introduced it to the acquaintance of our readers; but we have now such a mass of entertaining matter before us, that we feel there is quite enough to justify our entering upon the subject.

The author, Paul of Aleppo, from whose extremely rare Arabic manuscript this translation is made, was, as he himself informs us, the natural son of Macarius, patriarch of Antioch, by whom he was carefully educated for the church. "By the straits and difficulties of the times," it appears, the patriarch was obliged to undertake a tour through the remotest countries to collect the debts due to the see; and he accordingly travelled between the years 1653 and 1660. He was accompanied by his son Paul, and to him we owe this justly-called "Treasure of Descriptions and enter-taining Narratives."

The patriarch and his party proceeded, via Iconium and Broussa, to Constantinople. Thence, by the Black Sea, to Bulgaria, Moldavia, the Cossack country, and Muscovy. The accounts of these strange lands and of the manners of their inhabitants, the state of religion, the wars and revolutions, customs, and other memorable particulars, are all pictured with wonderful vivacity; and we know not when we encountered a writer of the period by whom we have been so much amused on most topics, whilst informed upon many others with which we had previously only a very slight acquaintance. In short, Kyr Kyr Macarius is a mighty favourite with us; and we propose taking his *Partes* to enliven a few of our ensuing Numbers.

Our first example relates to the passage of the Sea of Marmora, in going to Constantinople; on which occasion the exalted patriarch and his worthy son were assailed by a furious storm.

"They hired for us," says Paul, "a boat, at eight hundred othmanis; and we left Modanir on Friday the 16th of Teshrin. Having rowed us about twelve miles, till the evening they cast anchor; and at midnight they again started. We had scarcely got out into the middle of the sea, when, of a sudden, there sprung up a violent gale, and the waves were agitated. The storm increased to such a degree, that the boat was near sinking with us,

from the attack of the huge foaming billows; and our sense fled from us, so that we cried and sobbed like children. Giving ourselves up for lost, we bade adieu to each other, and openly confessed our sins; and our lord the patriarch read over us the prayer of forgiveness, absolution, and remission, whilst we were in momentary expectation of approaching death. But the Creator, exalted be his name! who neglecteth not his servants, did not abandon us; and by the intercession for us of the Virgin his mother, the preserver and refuge of all who are in distress—of St. Nicholas—of St. Simeon—the Wonder-worker, the seaman, the Aleppian—or of St. George, the rider upon sea and land—and of St. Demetrius, whose festival was approaching (for both before and after it this storm is dreaded by navigators)—the waves subsided; and after immense fatigue and mighty fear, our sailors succeeded in rowing us to land; where they lowered the sail, after the mast had narrowly escaped being broken by the furious gale that blew. At first we could not believe that we were safe; till the men leaped on shore, and we had leisure to contemplate our pitiable condition."

They entered Constantinople just three months from their leaving Aleppo, and were well received by Paisais, the patriarch of Constantinople. The church and other ceremonies of their welcome and entertainment, during their stay, and the appearance of their places of worship, convents, &c. are detailed with great particularity; but though curious, they are too long for our extract. We will, however, select a small portion now and then; *ex. gr.* respecting St. George, the patriarchal Greek church in the Turkish capital:

"Above the altar, or place of sacrifice, are two portraits; the Patriarch of Alexandria, and the Messiah standing before him in the shape of a young man, under a cupola supported by two pillars. His garment is rent; and the patriarch says to him, 'Lord, who rent thy garment?' The answer, issuing from the mouth of our Lord is, 'Indeed, Arius, who fell upon me. Is the mouth of hell lower?' *than what he fell.* Where the officiating priest washes his hands is a small marble pitcher with a handle, which empties into another standing upon a pillar under it. As to the two portraits above mentioned, there is an imitation of them in all the churches of Constantinople and its territory, as there is also of the lacavum just described. The *duo*, or pulpit, is on the north side, as we mentioned before, is very high, and looks over the throne, occupied, on the present occasion, by the Patriarch of Antioch.

In one corner of this church, on the right hand side as you enter, is a repository, with a grating of iron wire, containing the bodies of saints, which we requested permission to kneel down to and to kiss. They therefore took us inside; and the archons came, bringing with them the keys of the bolts. First they broke the seals, and then opened the several chests, which are three; the first containing the body of Saint Theophanu, the empress, preserved entire, as

she was in her clothes, with her spinning-yarn at her feet. We took a blessing from her, and then from the body of Saint Ishmonita, mother of the Seven Macabites.* She is an old woman, remaining entire, with her clothes upon her, buttoned in the manner of the Franks. In the third chest is Saint Euphemia, the Martyr, entire, except that the head is wanting. In a corner of this repository is an iron cage, within which is seen one half of the pillar to which they tied our Lord the Messiah when they scourged him. Its colour inclines to green. Above it is a lamp, which burns night and day. Whilst we were taking a blessing from it, one of the persons present informed us that the other half of it is at Rome, and that he had paid his devotions to it. They now replaced the seals upon the reliques, and we went out. It is to be observed, that the whole of the treasure belonging to the patriarchal church is in the hands of its vaqueels or attorneys, and not entrusted to the patriarch. It is they, also, who pay all the pensions and other expenses attending the patriarch's court."

A terrible fire consumed a considerable portion of the city before the travellers departed from Constantinople, and our author paints its devastations in a fine poetical image.

"There were burnt, as was computed, about forty, I do not know whether fifty, thousand shops, fifteen thousand large and small private houses, three hundred bakers' ovens, a number of hammams or baths, and two-and-thirty khans or caravansaries. The Khan Elyusra, or Khan of Paradise, was destroyed with every thing in it; as was also the Khan Piri Pasha. The baltajis (pioneers) and the bostanjis (guards of the seraglio) were unequal to the task of laying waste the places around, until they called out the populace to their aid. *The fire whirled about from spot to spot, like a bird on the wing.*"

This affords a splendid idea of the leaping flames; but we leave them to their destructive fury, and depart for Moldavia, landing at Galatas. Here we have one of the drollest specimens of the sort of brief prayers with which the worthy Paul interlards his narrative on all extraordinary occasions:

"At the entrance of our lord the patriarch into the church, and afterwards, on his coming out, they rang the brazen bells, according to custom. This was the first time of our hearing them. *May God not be startled at the noisy pleasure of their sounds!*"

Of Moldavia, generally, we have some remarkable statements. The patriarch arrives at a "large town, called Vasiloudi (Waslui), that is, proper to the king: for here was formerly the throne of Moldavia, in the time of the deceased Stephen the Voivode, since whose reign one hundred and sixty years have elapsed. This prince was an illustrious hero in the wars, and respected by every body. He was engaged in four-and-forty expeditions, or wars, against

* [Mother of the Seven Macabites.] I suppose this to be the mother of seven Jews tortured and put to death by Antiochus, as related in the 7th chapter of the Second Book of Macabees."

the Turks and Tartars; and a number of times against the Poles and Hungarians. He defeated them all, so that his name became famous, and every body feared him. This he brought about by his craftiness and good sense. His foundations and charities are,—four-and-forty convents and churches of stone. Here, in Waslui, the palaces, and baths, and pleasure-grounds are his; as is also the magnificent lofty church, exalted with an elegant cupola, and exceeding high. All round it are vaults and arches, in which are pictures and images of all the saints. Upon the gate above the lowest wall, is a picture of the Last Judgment, in gold and azure, with Moses leading Hanna and Caiaphas, and the other Jews, towards our Lord. They are depicted with woful countenances. Behind them is another troop: they are Turkish figures, with their white shawls and turbans; their large flowing green caftans, with long sleeves, hanging behind; and their harims, or inner festive dresses, of yellow woolen. They are accompanied by their dervishes. Behind them, and in the midst of them, are devils driving them on, and mocking them. The Kashidbari is at the front of them in his cap, and one of the wicked devils is climbing on his shoulder, and upsetting his cap from his head. The church inside is entirely covered with paintings; its architecture is very beautiful; and at the top of its cupola, or canopy, under which is the high throne of the beg, is a picture of our Lord the Messiah. Outside the gate is a large bell. The churches in this country are divided into three parts. The first partition near the door is open and appropriated to the women; the second is enclosed with a door for the common people; and the third, divided from the other by a wall and a door, is appropriated to the beg and his nobles. The choir is under arches, extending in a semicircle from north to south, with chairs."

The ascendancy of the priest in every thing, and every where, at this period, is very striking. "On Tuesday evening, (says our author) the twenty-fifth of Canon the second, we entered the city of Yash, or Yassi," the capital of Moldavia, amidst the ringing of the bells of all the churches and convents; so that the applause was vast indeed. Then they led us before the door of the church of the convent of St. Saba and St. Michael, and causing our lord the patriarch to alight from the coach, they robed him in his mandya, and the priests came out with the Gospel, and the deacons with the thurible, preceded by torches. The patriarch kissed the Gospel, and whilst the deacons incensed him, and the singers chanted "Ago, levo, he advanced to the middle of the church, under the banners of the *Πατριάρχης*, and made a cross upon his forehead; then he did so before the doors of the tabernacle, and to the images of our Lord and Lady; then to all the rest of

* Yassi, as described in its present state by Wilkinson, contains many elegant houses built in the modern style of European architecture, forty thousand inhabitants, and seventy churches. One part of it stands upon a fine hill, and the other is situated in a valley. The prince's palace is a very extensive edifice, and is surrounded by spacious yards and gardens; it is furnished in a style half Oriental, half European, and has room enough to lodge conveniently more than a thousand persons. This capital occupies a great extent of ground, the houses being separate from each other, and surrounded, like the palace, with yards, gardens, and orchards. All the buildings are of brick, and their walls, outside as well as within, are plastered and white-washed. These are seldom used, and the roofs are generally covered with wood. The streets are paved with thick stones of timber, thrown across, and made tight to each other. In some the surface is made smooth and even; whilst in others the logs of wood are almost left in their natural state. It is supposed impossible to pave the streets with stone, insomuch as the ground consists of an extremely soft clay, into which heavy stones would be gradually swallowed up."

the holy images upon the doors of the sanctuaries; lastly, to the image of St. Gregory the divine (*Θεοδόσιος*), whose festival it was: it was placed upon a high throne, covered with a veil, as is practised in all the churches of Greece."

The patriarch presents to the beg indicate the manners of the age: "A pair of embroidered pillow-cases, a piece of rose-coloured chintz, two sugar-basins of palm-wood, a box of musk soap, two boxes of scented soap, a small quantity of Aleppo soap, two pots of preserved ginger, a box of dry preserved fruits of Italy, some oil of almonds, preserved apricots, pistachios, preserved with salt and without salt, &c. These he went in and presented to the megas logati, or deftarlar. Then they led us in before the beg, who rose from his seat, out of respect to our lord the patriarch; and we bowed to him both on entering and retiring. They now presented to him the offerings in the trays, whilst the scribe said,—'The patriarch of Antioch presents to your sovereignty so and so, till all the offerings had been displayed; and the prince repeated his thanks for each. Then we returned and brought similar presents for Stephanī Voivode, who received us in an apartment by himself. Thirdly, we brought presents of the same kind for the domina, consort of the beg, to whom we made small obeisances on entering and retiring, and kissed her hand. She was sitting on a chair, with a cap of red velvet, with sables on her head. Her kachia first went in and announced us, and then we entered. She returned us many thanks, and rose from her chair at our entrance. It grieves me to reflect that all our gifts went to loss when Vasili afterwards was broken in his fortunes."

* * * We went (he continues, after expressing this natural regret), in the coach to see the convent of Our Lady, belonging to the domina, the beg's consort, who has built it new. The church is extremely beautiful. In it is a very ancient and miraculous image of Our Lady, encircled within four-and-twenty rosaries. Its hands and arms are of pure gold, the domina having gone to the utmost expense in adorning it; for her son Stephanī Voivode was afflicted with a grievous disorder, and being carried by her to the foot of this image, he was instantly restored to health. Before it are gilt-silver lamps, always burning. In front of the sanctuary-doors are four candlesticks of brass, handsomer and brighter than gold, of Danish workmanship, which are said to have cost their weight in silver."

At a second audience of the beg the offerings are still more characteristic.

"The patriarch presented to him the letters which he had brought from Paisius, the patriarch of Constantinople; and also from the deposed Euanicus; likewise those with which he had been charged by the patriarch of Jerusalem. Every time the logati had finished reading a letter, the beg rose from his seat and took off his cap. Then the patriarch made him a present of immense value: it was the lower jaw of St. Basil the Great, of a yellow colour, very hard and heavy, and shining like gold. Its smell was more delightful than amber; and the small and large teeth were remaining in it, unmoved. It came into our hands at Constantinople, where it had been treasured up by the relatives of Kyr Gregorius, metropolitan of the ancient Caesarea, and was bought for its price in gold. He gave him other presents of the like nature, from different places; some of them invaluable reliques of our Lord the Messiah, and of his holy apostles; all obtained in Constantinople, the queen of cities, where every

thing is to be found. Among the holy treasures which we purchased there with gold, were—a piece of the horse of St. Demetrius; a portion of the blood of St. George; some of the hair of the martyr Anastasia, which liberates from enchantment; a finger of the mother of St. Eustathius the martyr; some pieces of a stone on which is the blood of the Messiah, from the holy sepulchre; some pieces of the wood of the cross, of a dark colour, like ebony, and very heavy: we tried them in the fire, and they became like it; on being taken out, they cooled, and returned to their former state; we tried them also in water, and they sunk to the bottom. They were placed in a round box of Indian workmanship, sculptured with great art; they lay on cotton, and were covered with a piece of brocade the size of the box, which was kept in a purse of rose-coloured taffeta, with strings of blue silk. When the beg saw this last treasure he was filled with delight and admiration, and could not contain his joy when the patriarch said to him, 'This is for you; and may it preserve you from all evil!' Then he gave him a cruet of holy oil; and the beg conceived a great love and affection for our lord the patriarch, and told him of those who had come before him, and how much his heart had been afflicted at their conduct. He then went out with him to the divan, or outer hall, where the royal table was spread with dishes of silver and gold, and spoons and forks of the same materials; and there sat down at the upper end, on a chair covered with velvet, nailed on with gilt-silver nails. For our lord the patriarch they set another chair on his right hand; and he blessed the table and the beg. Then he took a piece of bread, and dipping it in the meat, he stood up, and all the archons who were present arose at the same time; and he said a prayer for him, that is, wished him well, as is always done on such occasions, and they sat down. All the dishes were covered with others similar to them, till the time of eating, when the covers were lifted away: for it is the custom with them always to bring in every dish covered to table. The ashji, or *Μάγος Κιλλάρης*, or tabbakli bashi, that is, the head-cook, every time he came in with a dish carried by the servants, always presented it before the beg, and took up the cover. If it pleased the beg, he silently placed it before him; and taking a spoon, he swept round the whole dish with it, and ate of the gathering; then he presented another; and if it did not please him, the beg raised his eyes in token, and the cook took it and put it under the table. On the beg's left hand stood a servant in a handsome dress, who took some of the dishes and placed them ready before the beg; whilst another took away his silver plate and set another in its place, wiping it as he brought it along. The silahdar, or megas spātari, stood the whole time on his right, bearing a crown with jewels, accompanied with the sword, and holding in his hand the royal sceptre. Near to him were the cup-bearer and other servants, always standing. Before him was a wooden vessel, standing high upon three legs, with water; and in it were placed glass bottles of different-coloured wines, and spirits, and beer. There was also a chair near him, covered with a white cloth, with rows of glass cups upon it, and silver and china goblets. The officer served the beg and the patriarch with wine in the same cup; and every time they drank, all the persons present stood up. The others drank out of other cups, and of different wine. Whenever the cup-bearer presented a goblet to the beg, he tasted it first, and then gave it to him. During the whole

repaat, tending ushers with silver wine of beer, drinking water, whenever any of the or the co to be ov with a t my part crosier, some of who are big shone came an where w the cros it from quantity place the evening lord the table, an

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repast, the grandees, or great officers, stood attending the commands of the beg; and the ushers were standing close to him with their silver wands. To every three or four glasses of wine that the beg drank, he took one draught of beer, as it is cool and refreshing. After drinking, he always placed his glass in the water, or asked for another. Observe, that whenever the beg sits, or his son, or domina, or any of the archons, or any of the great officers of the court, whether in Moldavia, Wallachia, or the country of the Cossacks, there never fails to be over his head an image with a veil, and with a torch perpetually burning before it. For my part, I stood opposite to them, holding the crier, and surrounded by my companions and some of the priests and deacons of the court, who are but few in number. His highness the beg shortly made a sign to the bostanjik, who came and conducted us to a place in the pantry, where we dined, whilst one of the clerks held the crier. Afterwards I returned, and took it from him. The banquet proceeded, and a quantity of fresh dishes were brought in to replace those that were taken away, till it was evening, and they arose to say grace. Our lord the patriarch then blessed the beg and the table, and, having taken leave, departed. We returned in the coach to the convent."

[To be continued.]

Slight Reminiscences of the Rhine, Switzerland, and a Corner of Italy. 2 vols. 12mo. London, 1834. Longman and Co.
Who cannot remember some pleasant relative returning home after a journey—time, winter—seen, a parlour in the country? London, somehow or other, is place of gossip, not narrative. The curtains are drawn, so are the chairs towards the fire; and a November evening passes away in “no time.” The traveler—for he or she it is who does the “honours of the hastening hours”—has so many things to tell, such adventures, such wonders, that foreign parts become first astonishing, then attractive, and, lastly, quite familiar. The volumes before us are just such a conversation written down—lively, pleasant, and, above all, real: a sort of book giving an accurate idea of all that has been seen and heard, and giving that idea in a fresh and animated style, which will keep reader and listener wide awake. We shall just snatch up fragments as we pass, comment or criticism being alike uncalled for. The first extract is for universal sympathy.

Sea-Sickness.—“To one who has coasted the shores of New Holland, looked in at Sydney Cove, passed some comfortable months amongst the seals and blubber-eaters of Winter Island, doubled the Cape, and felt quite at home at St. Helena, the mere act of crossing the Channel seems like stepping over a gutter. But after twelve hours’ experience of the horrors of a steam-packet, I must say that I know of few items in the catalogue of minor miseries more perfect in its way than a trip (as it is called) from the Tower Stairs to Calais. What a chapter of inflictions! *Tedium—nausea*—six hours of the languid irritation resulting from intense heat, confinement, and idleness; and six more of that dance of death, that ghastly dalliance with the great stomach-pump, for which our language has no adequate name—now hoisted up on one billow, then shooting downwards on another; head throbbing—throat bursting. A popular traveller has expressed his surprise that the poets have made no use of sea-sickness in their descriptions of Tartarus; it is not so poetical as the bunch of grapes, or

the unceasing wheel; but make it interminable, and neither Dante, nor Louis Onze, could have imagined any thing more effective. O for the dust of the Dover road, and the enlivening whirl of four post-horses! Better to be half suffocated in a six-inside stage, than to sit for twelve mortal hours, inhaling the mingled effluvia of grease and bilge-water; for the kitchen was in full activity the whole morning, and *ladies* ate fried mutton and fat ham, and then reeled into their berths, and tucked themselves in, and got frightened when they saw the waves reflected in the looking-glass. Unquestionably, as an exhibition of vulgar, unsentimental wretchedness, nothing approaches the cabin of a packet-boat. I looked into it for a moment, but soon returned to my station in the carriage on deck, and, rolling myself up into a corner, enjoyed the full benefit of the sea-breeze, and a half-exemption from sights and sounds of misery; from the livid faces and terrified ‘God bless us!’ or ‘Dear sir, how rough it is!’ of the sufferers.”

Jest (new to us, at all events).—“An Englishman travelling *en diligence* was overtaken by a ditch. ‘Avez-vous du mal, Monsieur?’ inquired the conductor. ‘Non, je n’ai qu’un portemanteau,’ was the answer. This was not quite so good as the Baron de Souza’s trial, but might pass as a pendant to Sir —’s beautifully literal rebuke to the drunken man who annoyed him in the Palais Royal. ‘Monsieur’ (said that eminent linguist), ‘tenez votre langue, vous êtes en liqueur.’ The story does not tell how the advice was taken.”

Every one to his Taste.—“While we strolled about the aisles of the cathedral, I was struck with an instance which presented itself of the variety of tastes and fancies to which the checker-work of life owes so much of its pleasant diversity. An English lady, with her bonnet in her hand and a full crop of ringlets, stood before the iron screen which encloses, I think, the high altar, in fixed but not mute admiration. Neither pulpit, statue, nor picture, seemed to hold any power over her attention; the iron-work was the thing. ‘Cest tout fer frappé!’ she exclaimed, in a tone of concentrated delight; and, calling back her companions, who seemed to enter coldly into her feelings, repeated, ‘Tout fer frappé!—comme c’est beau!’ and then she pointed out the rosettes and the leaves, and dwelt on the sharp details and delicate tracery, as though the object of her raptures had been a Raphael or a Domenichino. Thinks I to myself, ‘Vous êtes orfèvre, Monsieur Josse.’”

Hotel.—“We found comfortable beds at Jenappe, at the Hôtel du Roi d’Espagne, or, as it is *done into English* on a card over the chimney, *An inn from the Spanish king.* One post-boy to four horses is the mode in Flanders, or, at least, commenced with us at Brussels, where we had rope harness, beautified into white by a coating of pipe-clay; a piece of Flemish poppy new to me. The women here wear the odious skull-cap of coloured cotton common at Brussels; but even this deplorable coiffure can add nothing to their natural deformity. Stopped for a moment at Quatre Bras, *three leg*, as our guide at Waterloo called it; a version to which one of our travelling wags had probably helped him.”

German Students.—“An eye of defiance, an exulting step, an intrepid carriage, are the marks and tokens of a German student. This audacious bearing is strengthened and set off by the open collar, short frock (generally of Lincoln green, and of Robin Hood’s own cut), small casquette, the point pressing flatly on the

forehead, and hair cropped like Giotto’s or Clémabue’s apostles, floating or bristling at each side of the face. These ‘chartered libertines,’ for such they are during their collegiate life, run a course of unbridled riot, mastering the quieter classes of society by their force and number: to be formidable seems their point of honour, and they sustain it fiercely. Many of these swaggers are certainly of an age to have long since finished their studies, and others curl their angry mustachios as if they had already smelt powder, and were ‘fit for treason, stratagem, or strife.’ Indeed, their general appearance is more of that of lawless desperadoes, robbers of the cave and forest, than of dwellers in the quiet groves of Academus; and yet these same students, when absent from their universities, appear to be persons of peaceful and respectable habits, earnest in the pursuit of knowledge, and often battling courageously for its attainment in the very teeth of poverty and its concomitant disadvantages.”

Dinner.—“The arrangement of a table-d’hôte is (as far as we have seen) always the same in this part of Germany. First, soup served with cold ham, sliced sausages, pickled fruits, salad, cucumbers—in short, a full repast of hors-d’œuvres, followed by cutlets, omelet or fritters, and the indispensable bouillî; roast chickens or ducks then make their appearance, with ragouts of various kinds—fish, chevreuil, or something in that way, and preserved fruits; and, last of all, the substantial roast and a redundancy of sweets, followed speedily by the dessert, of which (after the French fashion) cheese always makes a part.”

Breakfast.—“There are few things (in a small way) more dreary than a four-o’clock breakfast at an inn. The bread of the day before toasted, or rather burned, into a false shew of freshness; the unventilated room smelling of the last night’s tobacco,—the table bearing the clammy mark of the frequent beer-glass. But we have daylight now; it is the fetid lamp of an Italian *osteria*, or the tallow candle tottering in its brass socket, that makes the morning meal truly comfortless. To-day it was cheered by the bustling groups who passed our windows on their way to market,—a charming getting up of very white sleeves, and very short petticoats, and flat straw hats of umbrella dimensions, embroidered fantastically on the outside with black, and hanging on the back instead of covering the head, sobered down by files of bare-legged matrons striding forward with uncramped steps, while the less mercurial males followed in straight cocked-hats and obstinate faces; all falling in well with their goats and donkeys, and overflowing panniers stored with the green varieties of the kitchen-garden.”

Romance.—“The high gossip of Interlaken turns at present on the marriage of one of the singing-women of Brienz with a wealthy bookseller of Leipzig; the damsel, plain, dull, and twenty-one; the lover, plain also, learned, and forty-five. Two years ago he heard her sing as she rowed him to the Griesbach,—thought such notes worth cultivating,—placed her at a school, paid in advance,—and forgot her. A short time since he came again to the mountains, and expressing a wish to hear the singers whose wild warblings had formerly delighted him, was told that the chief nightingale was silent. A stranger (it was said) who had passed that way two years before, had noticed the poor girl, interested himself in her improvement, in short, awakened hopes too fondly cherished, and then forsaken her. The bookseller was touched, conscience and heart, wooed the fair inamorata, and won her; then came *noces et festin*,—such

a bridal as was never before witnessed in the shades of Interlacken—such eating and drinking, and dancing; meal after meal, waltz after waltz, and the English travellers monopolising (for the time being) all the beauty of the district, and whirling round the velvet bodices and silver bodkins till two or three o'clock in the morning."

Cemetery.—"The Swiss love to decorate their persons and their churchyards; the first are in better taste than the last, though grotesque enough too sometimes. But the village cemetery is like a grove of gilt filigree, or the atelier of a wretched portrait-painter; every grave has its medallion, encircled by wreaths of leaves, or scrolls, or—heaven knows what—in gilt iron, with the deplorable visage of a nun, or an officer, or a lady, or some other libel on the human face within it. This remark, however, applies only to the forest cantons; the cemeteries of Berne are grassy and peaceful, in the midst of soft and charming scenery, and with no other decoration than that of flowers, except the slight black and white pole, which one wishes away, it looks so like the ticketed laths of a botanical garden. Different countries have different ideas on the subject of monumental records; and what are flowers, and gilt iron, and even silver tears, compared with the vein of tenderness which ran through that widow's heart, who inscribed the following touching effusion on the tomb of her deceased love?—

CI GIT LOUIS LENNOIR,
FABRIQUANT DE BAS:
SA VEUVE INCONSOABLE,
CONTINUE SON COMMERCE,
RUE ST. MARTIN, N° 18.

Swiss Beauty.—"We lose, by degrees, the Bernoise cottage and Bernoise dress. The last loss is a gain (pass for the bull), for the dress of the Lucernoise is richer and more becoming. The large and perfectly flat hat, sulphur-coloured and decorated with four voluminous bows, two of red and two of green, is extremely pretty, and throws a soft shade on the upper part of the face very advantageous to its expression. Then the gorgeously embroidered vest—the petticoat, shorter than short, half of a dark colour, and half of a light one—the large white sleeve-neck loaded with beads, crosses, and amulets (like a shrine that had run away with its ex-votos), and, above all, the immaculate stocking, either of white or light blue, well drawn up, and finished by a smart shoe with bow of no small pretension—are all perfect. In this gaudy but becoming dress, the young women contrive to look pretty without being so; but the same fantastic attire makes Hecates of the old ones. Again I must say, the Swiss, as a people, are certainly not handsome. A gay dress and a smart air set off the young girls; but even the Sunday Pamelas of the esplanade of Berne, or the Boadiceas of the Hasli Grund, are not beauties. Of the pretty things that bloom behind green window-blinds, or illumine turreted châteaux, I know nothing. Switzerland has long furnished heroines for sentimental novels, and may still have the material within her; but the people, good honest souls, are certainly a hard-featured race. We had a fair opportunity to-day of judging both of the dress and the beauty, as we passed slowly through a hamlet in which a sort of religious festival was going forward. The women were all crowded together like a bed of Dutch tulips; some huddled under trees, others grouped in the porch of a chapel, gossiping, gazing, praying, all looking showy and picturesque, and none looking pretty.

"His sister, a simple and practical philoso-

pher, expatiated on the pleasure of mending house-linen, and making shirts during the long evenings of winter, not long enough, however, (she thought) for the full enjoyment of this delightful occupation. What fine materials for a second Penelope! no web could be too tedious or intricate: when she talked of the dozens and dozens of napkins, the presses full of tablecloths wanting repair, her eye widened. I never saw the love of plain-work so deeply imbedded in the heart of woman, nor was ever more strongly impressed with the artificial nature of what we call happiness. Had this poor girl been a Paris grisette, she would have shrunk from a winter at Zoug as from the horrors of a lingering death; even the recreation of the house-linen would have gone for nothing; no 'spectacle,' no 'toilette,' no 'joli bal,' nothing going forward. But we are all the creatures of circumstance; and perhaps happiness, as it is generally understood, depends in a great measure on being at a distance from those who are enabled to invent and pursue privileged and exclusive enjoyments. Contrasts, and perhaps reminiscences, make large items in the general sum of discontent.

"I had a little wish to have looked again at General Zerlauben's quaint saloon, painted all over like a pack of cards, with French kings and Swiss warriors, Tell with his apple, Niclaus de Flue with his rosary, a lavish display of Austrian cruelties, and a general diffusion of angels and flowers; but from the windows something still better than even these fine things—a lake and landscape full of richness and amenity. It was the fair sempstress of Zoug, I recollect, who conducted us there, and I affronted her deeply by crying out 'superbe' to the view, when she expected it for the saloon. Her triumphant 'je le crois bien,' turned into a look of disappointment as she found herself mistaken in the object of my admiration. It was a cockney kind of vanity, such as possesses a Paris *badaud* when he puts on an air of self-consequence, and talks of Versailles and the Tuilleries as if they were his own private possessions."

Italian Voices.—"Unquestionably the Italians are the noisiest people in Europe; singing like angels, and talking (as far as voice is concerned), like traffickers in fish or charcoal, the ear knows not whether it seizes the notes of a prima donna or of a macaroni vender. Last night a party from Milan (capital gentry, our hostess said), who were either convivial or quarrelsome till an unreasonably late hour, put sleep quite out of the question—such shouting!—such screaming!—a dozen voices raised together, and sustained with incredible power of lungs, each striving to maintain the upper key, but a sharp female treble always *lady* of the ascendant. And then the hostess, with soft, sweet eyes, and delicate outline, raving like an infuriated bacchante, and even the little girl of the bodkins throwing in a note. It is extraordinary that a people whose song is all passionate tenderness—all soul, all sweetness—should have frequently the speaking voices of porters and oyster-women. Yet they are a kind, good-tempered people—not rough, I think, in any thing but their voices. I have seen instances of inflexible mildness in Italy that were really edifying."

La Scala.—"The ballet, considered as one of the best, if not the very best, in Europe, is just now below mediocrity as to dancers. The plunging and twisting this evening, applauded to the skies, would at Paris be scarcely tolerated at Franconi's. It was a ballet d'action, interspersed with pirouettes; the story from

Lord Byron's 'Corsair,' with very beautiful scenery, and a Gulnare who had some feeling in her mute wretchedness. But La Palarina was absent. I was disappointed, I may almost say, agreeably. I wished to have seen her again, yet recollecting what she had once made me suffer, was almost pleased to escape from the effect of her too powerful acting. It was long before I could shake off the recollection of Gabrielle de Vergy. It haunted me like a crime; for many nights I fell asleep thinking of the death shudder, the upright spring, the livid light in the hollow eyes, when the cruel present is placed before her. I had read of broken hearts, and believed that such things had been; but this seemed the reality—the life-spring suddenly snapped, just as quick intense agony might have done it. Yet still she has not the touching simplicity of Bigottini; she is more passionate, but perhaps less tender. There were little touches in Bigottini's acting* so full of truth and feeling, that even Palarina's energetic wretchedness is less deeply affecting."

It is a curious fact, that between the reading of these pages and their reviewing, we heard our greatest living actor—we scarcely need name Mr. Macready—speaking of the effect produced upon him by the acting of Palarina in this very character of Gabrielle de Vergy. It is the story of the jealous husband sending his suspected wife the heart of her lover. He spoke of the *dansatrice's* conception as being worthy all the poetry and romance of the tale and time. Her presentiment of evil when the knight brings the casket—her lingering reluctance as she opens it—the stony horror with which the contents suspend the functions of life,—but this is best described in the narrator's own graphic phrase: "It at once realised for me the classic fable of Niobe struck into stone."

Anecdote.—"I recollect once hearing an Irishwoman complaining of her parish priest: he was not like the old one (she said), Heaven rest his soul! who, though the finest of scholars, was not above sitting down in her cabin and taking a draught of buttermilk. The mass did her no good now; it was better (she added vehemently) to have his grave in the place than the living body of the one who had come after him, who did not know the faces of her children, and called her 'honest woman,' as if her lawful name was not Mrs. O'Leary! On how slight a thread hangs allegiance!"

Exchange no Robbery.—"L—— asked at dinner for the vin de St. George. 'Monsieur,' (said the waiter), 'nous n'avons pas St. George, mais je peux vous donner St. Joseph.' There was no joke meant."

Spiritual (or unspiritual) Amusements.—"Another day it is the fete of Saint Léonard, the patron of Lucerne, and the ladies sing in the cathedral; or a young priest reads his first mass, and the ceremony is followed by a dinner given by him to his friends and relations, each of whom is expected to make a suitable present to the hero of the feast. One of these inauguration repasts took place in the saloon under ours this morning. The Archbishop of Seville did not put more cooks in requisition than have been convened for savoury purposes here today: the dinner began at noon, and at six the guests were yet at table; indeed it is now seven, and still the sounds of mirth come up from the joyous refectory through an atmosphere of braised meats, fresh flowers, and strong punch, corrected by the aromatic and well-bred effluvia of the long-continued coffee. There is something figurative about espousing

* "Such as blowing out the lights in Clari, after vainly trying to withdraw her eyes from her lover's portrait."

the church designed to be conveyed by these festivities; and a very young lady, or rather child, with white roses in her hair, personates the mystic bride. But whether the allegorical spouse sings to her the Song of Solomon, whether she compares him to a cluster of horses in Pharaoh's chariots, or he likens her to spikenard, saffron, or an orchard of pomegranates, I know not. At all events, it seems quite a heart's content of a dinner;—but it is over now, and the bride declaims from Schiller, so does one of the priests; then the ladies and their cavaliers waltz, so do the priests; and at length, after an interval of music—kind of concert in which the guitar was gently thrummed by the young renunciant himself—small plays of rather a rough description are introduced. In these all join, some tied up in table-cloths, others rolled in mattresses, whirling, jumping on each others' backs, and junketing like schoolboys."

An actual Wedding.—"A country wedding is usually either a very coarse, or a very Arcadian affair. Yesterday a pretty girl of the richer class of peasants, in her rustic costume, (rustic as to shape, but all silk and embroidery,) with two red streamers floating from her long platted tresses down to the ground, and a huge bouquet spreading out from the nape of the neck, exchanged vows with a gentle shepherd arrayed in broad-cloth as fine as her taffeta, and then walked alone from the church, covered perhaps with blushes, perhaps not, to the inn where the wedding festival was to be held. This solitary exhibition, which must be trying to maidenly bashfulness, is imposed by ancient custom. At a distance followed the bridesmaids, one by one, each with a nosegay growing, as it were, out of her poll; and after them parents and friends two by two, all honouring the ceremony as much as in their jewels lay. Meanwhile the bridegroom approached alone, and by another avenue, enveloped in a mantle of unfestal black, his umbrella weighed down by a yard-wide bouquet placed on the top of the crown and spreading over the brim. The adjuncts followed each with his bloming parterre, like the wedding train of Vertumnus. At the entrance of the inn the two parties united, and were hailed by the clamorous music of the town-band. The rustic pipe and tabor would have been more in character; but joy here is jollity, and would not believe itself real if it could not sound a testifying trumpet. When fairly housed, the enamoured bumpkin, just converted into a bridegroom, claimed the happy privilege of whirling his fair bumpkinetta through the mazes of the intoxicating waltz: a right which he is permitted to exercise three successive times, to the envy or admiration of the bystanders, who are not allowed to mingle in the nuptial dance, and must wait till the dinner is over to take out their whirling licence."

Clara Wendal—"Last night we talked of crimes and punishments; of the miserable fanatic (I think it was at Zurich) who, as the story goes, had herself crucified in some profane and horrible intention; and of Clara Wendal, the famous woman-robber, whose fine eyes are dimming in the prison here; and heard the mysterious story of the Avoyer,* who, returning some fourteen years ago on a wild December night to his country-house with his two daughters, disappeared suddenly. The night was dark and stormy, and all other sounds were lost in the uproar of the elements. Arrived at home, the daughters found themselves alone; they believed that their father followed them;

* M. Xavier Keller.

but he was gone—and for ever! A day or two afterwards the body was discovered; and a cross—the most touching and impressive of all memorials—rises from the bed of the river in one of its most beautiful windings, and marks the scene of a misfortune which calumny would have converted into a crime. Time passed, and no doubt arose of the Avoyer's death having been accidental—the river was swollen and the bank slippery, and nothing seemed more natural than that in the storm and darkness he should have missed his footing and fallen in, when the gang, of which Clara Wendal was chief, was surrounded in the woods and taken. When lodged in the prison at Zurich, Clara suddenly avowed herself deeply concerned in the murder of the Avoyer—for he had been murdered, she said; and boldly declared that, taking advantage of the darkness of the night and the tumult of the storm, she, with the help of her brothers, who added their testimony to hers, had pushed him into the river, having been hired to do so by two inhabitants of Lucerne, both gentlemen of unblemished reputation. At first all was astonishment and disbelief; but the wretches persisted in their story with such perverse consistency, that at length the least credulous were startled. Clara, who was then in full possession of that beauty to which her wild life and lawless profession had probably given more than its due celebrity, went into the most minute details, described the bench under which she had concealed herself while she listened for the expected footsteps, the mode in which her brothers and herself had seized the Avoyer and pushed him off the bank; and more, the room, even to its most inobvious features, in which the salary of murder was paid down to her, and that a room in the house of one of the accused, into which it seemed impossible that she could have introduced herself furtively. In short, the accusation was so dexterously dressed and so boldly persisted in, that the axe seemed to tremble over the heads of the arraigned; when the woman-fieid stopped short, and, declaring that all to which she had sworn was false, denounced three other inhabitants of Lucerne as having bribed her to the perjury of which she had been guilty, averring most solemnly that she knew nothing whatever of the Avoyer's death, but believed it to have been accidental, and that gold and promises of protection had induced her to accuse the innocent. As it was obvious that the testimony of such a wretch could not be admitted, the proceedings were immediately quashed, and Clara with her atrocious family (a mother included) were consigned to perpetual imprisonment in the *Maison de Force*. They say she has lost her demoniacal beauty; but, as she is rigorously confined, it is next to impossible to see her. When she was in the river tower at Zurich, it was said that strangers offered ten, and even twenty guineas for a peep."

We now close this agreeable diary, and only add, that it is illustrated by some very clever and characteristic etchings.

*The Poetical Works of the Rev. G. Crabbe.
By his Son. Vol. VIII. London, 1834.
Murray.*

At a late hour in our week, this, the last and most interesting volume of the series of *Crabbe's Poetical Works*, is placed before us. We say the most interesting, not from its merits being superior to the well-known and highly appreciated productions which have preceded, but from the fact that these compositions are new to the world—the posthumous and unpub-

lished poems of their admired and estimable author.

Perhaps, indeed, they are not so finished as others which received his final touches; but there is a sympathy inspired when we hear them as if a voice spoke from the grave; and we know not when we have spent a day more healthful to the mind than that we have devoted to these natural pictures and instructive lessons. "There are," (writes their author to his son George, October 29, 1831), "there are, in my recess at home, where they have been long undisturbed, another series of Stories,—in number and quantity sufficient for a volume; and as I suppose they are much like the former in execution, and sufficiently different in events and characters, they may hereafter, in peaceable times, be worth something to you; and the more, because I shall, whatever is mortal of me, be at rest in the chancel of Trowbridge church; for the works of authors departed are generally received with some favour, partly as they are old acquaintances, and in part because there can be no more of them."

No sentiment of ours could appeal so expressively to the heart as this simple and pathetic memorial; and we confess we have no nerve for critical remark after feeling its touching truth.

The Tales are twenty-two in number, and replete with all the characteristics of *Crabbe*. The first five are independent of each other; but all the rest are linked together by a chain, which supposes a man to have been absent from his native town for twenty years, and to have returned, unknown to its altered animate and inanimate forms. He seeks to learn the fate which has befallen the remembered associates of his youth; and the information he receives paints all the varied changes with perfect verisimilitude, and is pointed by excellent moral reflections. All the scenes of life are exhibited in vivid light, and the variabilities of fortune teach us to appreciate the things of this world at only as much as they are worth.

It is very difficult to make an adequate selection to illustrate the persons and the matters treated of in this way; but the less nicely of choice will serve, as we dare believe few readers will fail to procure themselves the gratification of perusing the whole. The introduction to "The Farewell and Return" offers some sweet lines.

"The whistling boy that holds the plough,
Lured by the tale that soldiers tell,
Resolves to part, yet knows not how
To leave the land he loves so well.
He now rejects the thought, and now
Looks o'er the lea, and sighs 'Farewell!'

Farewell! the pensive maiden cries,
Who dreams of London—dreams awake—
But when her favourite lad she spies,
With whom she loved her way to take,
Then doubts within her soul arise,
And equal hopes her bosom shake!

Thus, like the boy, and like the maid,
I wish to go, yet tarry here,
And now resolved, and now afraid;
To minds disturbed old views appear
In melancholy charms array'd,
And once indifferent, now are dear.
How shall I go, my fate to learn—
And, oh! how taught shall I return?

"Yes!—twenty years have passed, and I am come,
Unknown, unwelcomed, to my easy home,
A stranger to the place I like to trace.
The wondrous features in some aged face,
On as I move, some curious looks I read;
We pause a moment, doubt, and then proceed:
They're like what once I saw, but not the same,
I lose the air, the features, and the name.
Yet something seems like knowledge, but the change
Confuses me, and all in him is strange;
That bronzed old sailor, with his wig awry—
Sure he will know me! No, he passes by.
They seem like me in doubt; but they can call
Their friends around them—I am lost to all.

The very place is altered. What I left
Seems of its space and dignity bereft.
The streets are narrow, and the buildings mean;
Did I, or Faust, leave them broad and clean?

The ancient church, in which I felt a pride,

As struck by magic, is but half as wide;

The tower is shorter, the sonorous bell

Tells not the hour as it was wont to tell;

The market dwindleth, every shop and stall

Sinks in my view—there's littleness in all.

Mine is the error—propos'd I see;

And all the change I mourn is change in me.

One object only is the same—the sight

Of the wide ocean by the moon's pale light,

With her long ray of glory, that we mark

On the wild waves when all beside is dark:

This is the work of Nature, and the eye

In vain the boundless prospect would destroy.

What mocks our view cannot contracted be;

We cannot lessen what we cannot see.

Would I could now a single friend behold,

Who would tell yet mysterious facts unfold

That time and space, and to a stranger sheet

The streams I wish to know, to feel to know!

Much by myself I might in listening gleam,

Mix'd with the crowd, unmark'd if not unseen;

Uninterrupted I might ramble on,

Not cause an interest, nor a thought, in one;

For who looks backward to a being lost

About the world, forgotten long, and lost,

For whom departing not a tear was shed,

Who disappear'd, was missing, and was dead!

Save that he left no grave, where some might pass,

And ask each other who that being was.

I, as a ghost invisible, can stray

Among the crowd, and cannot lose my way.

My ways are where the voice of man is known,

Though no occasion offers for my own;

My eager mind to fill with food I seek,

And, like the ghost, await for me to speak."

The Tales follow, such as Barnaby the Plodding Shopman, and the Proud Merchant, both alike reduced to poverty; the Dealer and Clerk, the Schoolfellow, the Brother Burghesses, &c. &c. all graced with peculiar features of interest. Among them is "The Ancient Mansion," on which we fix for its brevity, as well as poetry.

To part in painful' nay, to bid adieu
Ev'n to a favourite spot is painful too.
That fine old seat, with all those oaks around,
Oft have I view'd with reverence so profound,
As something sacred dwelt in that delicious ground.
There, with its tenantry about, reside
A genuine English race, the country's pride;
And now a lady, last of all that race,
Is the dying spirit of the place.

Here's the last of all noble blood,

That flow'd through generations brave and good;

And if there dwelt a native spirit in her,

It is the pride of name and character.

True, she will speak, in her abundant zeal,

Of stainless honour—that she needs must feel;

She must lament that she is now the last

Of all who gave such pleasure to the past.

Still are her habits of the ancient kind;

She knows the poor, the sick, the lame, the blind;

She holds, so she believes, her wealth in trust;

And being kind, with her, is being just.

Though soul and body she delights to aid,

Yet of her skill she's prudently afraid;

So to her chaplain's care she commands,

And when that craves, the village doctors send.

A church attendance she requires of all,

Who would be held in credit at the hall;

A due respect to each degree she shews,

And pays the debt that every mortal owes.

"Tis her opinion that respect is led,

The rich esteem because the poor are fed.

Her service all—if so we may describe

That ancient grave, observant, decent tribe,

Who with her, and the inmates of the hall—

Are kind but grave, are proud but courteous all,

Proud of their lucky lot! Behold, how stands

That grey-haired butler, waiting her commands!

The lady dines, and every day he feasts.

That his good mistress falters in her mœrs.

With what respectful manners he entreats

That she would eat—yet Jacob little eats;

When she forbears, his supplicating eye

Entreats the noble dame once more to try.

Their years the same; and he has never known

Another place; and this he deems his own—

All appertains to him. Whate'er he sees

Is ours!—our house, our land, our walks, our trees!

But still he fears the time is just at hand,

When he no more shall in that presence stand;

And he resolves, with mingled grief and pride,

To serve no being in the world beside.

"He has enough," he says, with many a sigh,

"For him to serve God, and learn to die.

He and his lady shall have heard their call,

And the new folk, the strangers, may have all."

But, leaving these to their accustom'd way,

The east itself demands a short delay.

We all have interest there—the trees that grow
Near to that seat, to that their grandeur owe;
They stand, but with such augal grace bestow'd:
They hide a part, but still the part they shade
Is more inviting to our fancy made;

And, if the eye be rob'd of half its sight,

Th' imagination feels the more delight.

These giant oaks by no man's order stand,

Heaven did the work ; by no man was it plann'd.

Here I behold no puny works of art,

None give me reason why these views impart

Such charm to fill the mind, such joy to swell the heart.

These very pinnacles, and turrets small,

And windows dim, have beauty in them all.

How stately stand yon pines upon the hill!

How soft the murmur of that living rill!

And o'er the park's tall paling, scarcely higher,

Peeps the low church and shews the modest spire.

Unnumber'd violets on those banks appear,

And all the first-born beauties of the year.

The grey-green blossoms of the willows bring

The large wild bees upon the labouring wing.

Then comes the summer with unnumber'd pride,

With purple small stripes along the banks glide;

Her richer Flora their brief charms display,

And, as the fruit advances, fall away.

Then shall th' autumnal yellow clothe the leaf,

What time the reaper binds the burdenn'd sheaf.

Then silent groves denote the dying year.

The morning frost, and noon-tide gossamer;

And all be silent in the scene around;

All save the distant sea's uncertain sound,

Or here and there the gun whose loud report

Proclaims to man that death is but his sport.

And then the wintry winds begin to blow,

Then fall the flaky stars of gathering snow,

When the thorn the ripening sloe, yet blue,

Takes the bright varnish of the morning dew;

The aged moss grows brittle on the pale,

The dry boughs splinter in the windy gale,

And every changing season of the year.

Stamps on the scene its English character.

Farewell! a prouder mansion I may see,

But much must meet in that which equals thee!

* * * * *

I leave the town, and take a well-known way,
To that old mansion in the closing day,
When beams of golden light are shed around,
And sweet is every sight and every sound.

Pass but this hill, and I shall then behold

The seat so honour'd, so admired of old,

And yet admired —

Alas! I see a change,

Of odious kind, and lamentably strange.

Who had done this? The good old lady lies

Within her tomb; but, who could this advise?

What barbarous hand could all this mischief do,

And spoil a noble house to make it new?

Who had done this? Some genuine son of trade

Has all this dreadful devastation made?

Some man with lime and rule, and evil eye,

Some who covet beauty in a free decay?

Some a chisel, and a statuary by his hand,

And standing where his genius bade them stand;

Some true admirer of the time's reform,

Who strips an ancient dwelling like a storm,

Strips it of all its dignity and grace,

To put his own dear fancies in their place.

He hates concealment; all that was enclosed

By venerable wood, is now exposed,

And a few strapping elms and oaks appear,

Fenced round by boards, to keep them from the deer.

I miss the grandeur of the rich old scene,

And see not what these changes and patches mean!

This wobbly belt it runs the land gainst!

Such a bound, indeed, and ill-placed flowers are gay,

And some would praise; I wish they were away,

That in the wildwood maze I as of old might stray.

The things themselves are pleasant to behold,

But not like those which we behold of old—

That half-hid mansion, with its wide domain,

Unbound and unshrub'd—but signs are vain;

It is the rage of taste—the rule and compass reign.

As thus my spleen upon the view I fed,

A man approach'd me, by his grandchild led—

A blind old man, and she a fair young maid,

Listening in love to what her grandmère said.

And thus with gentle voice he spoke—

"Come, lead me, lassie, to the shade,

Where we'll grow beside the brook;

For well I know the sound it made

When, dashing o'er the stony rill,

It murmur'd to St. Oysth's mill."

The lass replied—"The trees are fled,

They've cut the brook a straighter bed;

No shades the present lords allow,

The miller only murmur now;

The waters now his mill forsake,

And form a pond they call a lake."

"Then, lassie, lead thy grandmère on,

And to the holy water bring;

A cup is fasten'd to the stone,

And I would taste the healing spring,

That soon its rocky clif forsakes,

And green its mossy passage makes."

"The holy spring is turn'd aside,
The rock is gone, the stream is dried;

The plough has level'd all around,

And here is now no holy ground.

"Then, lassie, thy grandmère's footsteps guide,

To Bulmer's tree, the giant oak,

Whose boughs the keeper's cottage hide,

And part the church-way lane o'erlook;

A boy, I climb'd the topmost bough,

And I would feel its shadow now.

Or, lassie, lead me to the west,

Where grew the elm-trees thick and tall,

Where rocks unnumber'd build their nest—

Deliberate birds, and prudent all:

Their notes, indeed, are harsh and rude,

But they're a social multitude."

"The roots are shot, the trees are fell'd,

And earth and air are all expell'd;

With better fate, the giant-tree,

Old Bulmer's oak, is gone to sea,

The church-way walk is now no more,

And men must other ways explore:

Though this indeed promotion gains,

For this the park's new wall contains;

And here I shall not meet

A shade—although, perchance, a seat."

"Oh, then, my lassie, lead the way

To Comfort's Home, the ancient inn;

That something holds, if we can pay—

Old David is our living kin;

A servant once, he still preserves

His name, and in his office serves."

"Alas! that mine should be the fate

Old David's sorrows to relate:

But they were brief; not long before

He died, his office was no more.

The kennel stands upon the ground,

With something of the former sound."

"Oh, then," the grieving man replied,

"No further, lassie, let me stray;

Here's nothing left of ancient pride,

Of what was grand, of what was gay:

But all is changed, is lost, is sold—

All, all that's left is chilling cold.

I seek for comfort here in vain—

Then lead me to my cot again."

A short quotation from "The Dean's Lady," as broaching a literary topic, shall conclude our extracts:—

"Next, to a lady I must bid adieu—

Whom some in mirth or malice call a 'Blue.'

There needs no more—when that same word is said,

The men grow shy, respectful, and afraid;

Save the choice friends who in her colour dress,

And all her praise in words like her express.

Why should proud man in man that knowledge prize

Which he affects in woman to despise?

It is not she who in man gains pain;

In hours of leisure, and with little pains,

What in a many a year with painful toil obtains?

For surely knowledge should not odious grow,

Nor ladies be despised for what they know;

Truth to no sex confined, her friends invite,

And woman, long restrain'd, demands her rights.

Nor should a light and odious name be thrown

On the fair dame who makes that knowledge known—

Who bravely dares the world's sarcastic sneer,

And what she is, is willing to appear.

* * * * *

"And what she is not!" peevish man replies,

His envy owning what his pride denies.

* * * * *

"Why call a lady Blue?" It is because

She reads, converses, studies for applause;

And therefore all that she desires to know

Is just as much as she can fairly show.

The real knowledge we in secret hide,

It is the counterfeit that makes our pride.

* * * * *

So sings the poet, and so let him sing;

But if from little learning danger rose,

I know not who in safety could repose.

The evil rises from our own mistake,

When we our ignorance for knowledge take;

Or when the little that we have, though pride

And vain poor self-love vie with magnificence.

Not is your deepest, azure always free

From these same dangerous calls of vanity.

Yet of the sex are those who never show,

By way of exhibition, what they know;

Their books are read and praised, and so are they,

But all without design, without display."

It is true. Surely Genius is of no sex; and

in general, the higher it is, the less will it be

inclined to attempt false glitter and strive for

worthless applause. Simplicity of character is

the greatest glory of a great man: is it not so

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The Life and Correspondence of Hannah More.
By William Roberts, Esq. Vol. II. 12mo.
pp. 478. London, Seeley and Burnside.

PARTAKING of the fortunes of many of Hannah More's own publications, the first volume of her Memoirs and Correspondence is already out of print. The second, now before us, embraces the period from 1785 to 1797, viz. from her fortieth to her fifty-second year; when, under the influence of strong evangelical and religious feelings, the tenor of her way became decidedly changed, and what had been gay and worldly yielded to the most serious thoughts and occupations. Consequently, in tracing this portion of her career, it would be vain to expect the same variety, the same miscellaneous pictures of society, and the same lively anecdote, which render the preceding portion so delightful for the general reader. Upon others it will, perhaps, press a higher claim to consideration; and, at all events, it is our business to shew the character and nature of its leading features.

In 1785, the editor sets out:—“ We have long been regarding her in the crowded scenes of gaiety and greatness, moving within fairy circle, where all that could captivate the sensibility and betray the understanding of a trusting heart and a capacious head were leagued against her.” Surely this is a strange way of describing her intercourse with the moral Johnson and with all the eminent lights of the church, whose names figure in the preceding narrative and correspondence! Did these enter into a league to betray the understanding of Hannah More? It is absurd to say so. And again:—

“ After the surprise of her sudden elevation and distinction was over, her first love appeared to return. The country, with its ‘green pastures and its still waters,’ began to call her back to the element in which such exercises and inquiries might be pursued as were most profitable and least perishable. Still, however, her sensibility to kindness would not allow her to withhold herself from her friends in London; and her annual visits to Mrs. Garrick brought her frequently, though less frequently, into contact with the world and its crowded resorts. Her mornings, however, were generally her own during her stay in London, and her mornings were not vacant or unconsecrated. Neither did the opportunities which the parties of the evening afforded her, of advocating truth and enforcing duty, pass unimproved. In polished societies she never forgot her allegiance to truth; and her tongue was bold, where pomp and pleasure made it most unwelcome, to proclaim those principles which her pen afterwards so successfully vindicated, at the hazard of being discredited and disclaimed.”

Had she married,—had the charge of a family devolved upon her,—how different would have been the result! But to her state of single blessedness* the world owes the whole turn of her future exertions and the memorable example and instruction she has bestowed upon her sex and age. Pass we, however, to our illustrations. In April 1786, Hannah More thus writes of Burke, Walpole, and others:—

“ I invite myself to dine with poor Mrs. Vesey (whose spirits are still terribly depressed) whenever I have a vacant day. She is only

* *Voilà la différence:*—“ We had a very pleasant comical dinner the other day at Mrs. Cholmeley’s. We were only nine females; every thing was very elegant; but we were as mean as if there had been no magnificence; and we all agreed that none were by no means so necessary as we had all been foolish enough to fancy.” For a ladies’ dinner-party, perhaps not; but for much of life, its very common occurrences, its pleasures, and its enjoyments, we would not take even Hannah More’s word that we are of such slight consequence.

cheerful when she has one or two friends about her, and there are a little set who generally go to her in turn every day. Yesterday Mrs. Carter and I met there, and I had made an assignation with Mr. Walpole in the evening; we had likewise Mr. Burke. The vivacity of this wonderfully great man is much diminished; business and politics have impaired his agreeableness; but neither years nor sufferings can abate the entertaining powers of the pleasant Horace, which rather improve than decay; though he himself says he is only fit to be a milk-woman, as the chalk-stones at his fingers’ ends qualify him for nothing but scoring; but he declares he will not be a *Bris tol milk-woman*. I was obliged to recount to him all that odious tale. * * *

“ Mrs. Piozzi’s book is much in fashion. It is indeed entertaining; but there are two or three passages exceedingly unkind to Garrick, which filled me with indignation. If Johnson had been envious enough to utter them, she might have been prudent enough to suppress them. Johnson with all his genius had no taste for Garrick’s acting, and with all his virtues was envious of his riches; this led him very unjustly to say severe things, which Garrick not unfrequently retorted; but why must these things be recorded? The speaker, perhaps, had forgotten them, or was sorry for them, or did not mean them; but this new-fashioned biography seems to value itself upon perpetuating every thing that is injurious and detracting. I perfectly recollect the candid answer Garrick once made to my inquiry why Johnson was so often harsh and unkind in his speeches, both of and to him; Why, *Nine*, it is very natural; is it not to be expected that he should be angry that I, who have so much less merit than he, should have had so much greater success? The book, however, *in general*, places Johnson’s character very high. I expressed myself with some warmth to Lelius against these passages, saying, however, that I was glad she had done justice to my living friends at least. His learning in particular is very highly commended.”

Why, the world does this, and much more than this, for the wisest, the ablest, the wittiest, and the best. The poet may lament the flower that blows unseen in the desert, or the gem which is covered in the unfathomed caverns of ocean; but it is man himself that crushes the flower and buries the gem to an extent unimaginable in our philosophy. What glorious blossoms would expand, filling the earth with odours? what brilliant jewels would be set on high, dazzling with light and lustre, were they not nipped in the bud and destroyed in the mine by the harsh and rude influence of the living world? Who lifts the fallen—who cherishes the desponding—who animates the weary—who encourages the fainting—who pities and solaces the unfortunate—who sustains the enthusiastic—who is the friend of talent—who the idolator of genius? One of a thousand? No. The censorious detractor, the scoffer, the oppressor, the unfeeling, the selfish, the apathetic, all cross their paths and lay the weight of doom upon their aspirations. We are, indeed, but shadows, and the very shadows we pursue are placed beyond our reach by our fellow-creatures, who are engaged in the chase of similar phantoms, and have only time, on their way, to baulk and impede and throw down others, till the scene of life presents but one mass of hope ending in disappointment, of struggle and defeat.

“ I have had (continues H. M. of the date of our last quotation) a very long and enter-

taining letter from Girard. He gives such an account of the pedantry and *précieuseté* of the ladies of Paris as is quite ridiculous. There is a new Lyceum, under the inspection of Marmonet and the other *spavans*; there, he says, the *femmes de qualité*, the *petites maîtres*, and the *bourgeoisie même en robe de chambre*, run to study philosophy, and neglect their families to be present at lectures of anatomy. I hope we shall never have any of these sort of institutions here, which would be only multiplying public places, and add to dissipation instead of increasing knowledge.”

What would she have said had she written of the present day, when the mania is spreading through every class of society, and is the very ground and foundation of all our boasts of “the spread of intellect” and “the march of knowledge?” The passage seems a prophetic anticipation of A.D. 1834.

The literary persiflage which is found in this volume is amusing; but all this sort of thing is so much alike, from the most remote antiquity to our own day, that we will not exemplify it by extract. The same reasoning applies in a great measure to the accounts of religious impressions and the language in which they are described—there is a sameness and identity which pervade them both, and which render quotations little else than repetitions. We may, however, in a future Number, give one very striking letter, and with it finish all we have to say on this momentous subject. It is from Mr. John Newton, with whom Mrs. More carried on a long and most religious correspondence, and who was a man of no common powers of mind. But lighter matters demand our notice: *anecdotes*:—

“ Mr. Cambridge gave us a specimen of Johnson’s manner, ‘Poetry, madam, is like brown bread; those who make it at home never approve of what they meet with elsewhere.’ * * * I have an Antigallican anecdote for you. Just before Sir George Yorke came home from Holland, he was at dinner one day at the Prince of Orange’s, where was the Duc de Chartres; this latter behaved with his usual unpoliteness, and took it into his head to ridicule the English ambassador. Finding that Sir Joseph did not laugh at any of his buffooneries, ‘Quoi, Monsieur,’ said he, ‘est ce que vous ne riez jamais?’ ‘Rarement, Monsieur,’ replied Sir Joseph, with great coolness. Just at that time the combined French and Spanish fleets were in the British channel—a new subject for the ill-breeding of the French prince. ‘Mais, Monsieur,’ says he again, turning to Sir Joseph, ‘si notre flotte attaqueeroit l’Angleterre?’ ‘Alors, Monsieur, je rirois,’ said Sir Joseph. * * *

A friend of mine, just come from Paris, told me a story of one of the *notables*. He was a provincial gentleman, of very good sense and learning, but whose coat was not of the newest Paris cut. He was sitting at dinner between two *petits maîtres* of the first water, who agreed to roast the countryman; and accordingly began to assail him with the most impudent curiosity. After patiently bearing their ill-breeding, he said to them, Gentlemen, I will gratify your desire to be acquainted with my character, *hé bien! donc, le voici; je suis ni sol, ni fat, mais je suis entre les deux.* This repartee procured him good treatment the rest of the dinner. * * * The imprudence of editors and executors is an additional reason why men of parts should be afraid to die. Burke said to me the other day, in allusion to the innumerable lives, anecdotes, remains, &c. which have been published of Johnson,—

'How many maggots have crawled out of that great body!' * * * I saw for the first time in my life the renowned John Wilkes; he is very entertaining; the talk falling upon bad French, he gave us some specimens of the boarding-school French where his daughter was educated. When anybody came to fetch them home, they used to go up to their governess and say, '*Madame, je suis venu pour.*' * * * Walpole defended (and that was the joke) religion against me, and said he would do so against the whole bench of bishops; that the Fourth Commandment was the most amiable and merciful law that ever was promulgated, as it entirely considers the ease and comfort of the hard-labouring poor and beasts of burden; but that it never was intended for persons of fashion, who have no occasion to rest, as they never do any thing on the other days; and indeed at the time the law was made there were no people of fashion. He really pretended to be in earnest, and we parted mutually unconvinced; he lamenting that I am fallen into the heresy of *puriitanical* strictness, and I lamenting that he is a person of fashion, for whom the Ten Commandments were not made.'

The King's recovery in 1789.—"I believe he is the first person whose character was ever raised by the loss of his reason; but almost every thing that escapes him has either good-nature, or humanity, or piety in it. The following specimen has good sense too: walking in the garden, (which he does to the amount of seven or eight miles a day) with Dr. Willis, the latter described two or three of the workmen, and ordered them to withdraw; 'Willis, (said the king,) you do not know your own business; let the men come back again—you ought to accustom me to see people by degrees, that I may be prepared for seeing them more at large.' Mrs. Boscowen's house joins Kew Gardens: seeing the workmen had made a fire to burn rubbish, he said, 'Pray put out that fire directly, don't you see it smokes Mrs. Boscowen's house?' In the midst of all these cares and distractions, a friend of mine called on Pitt the other night. He found him alone, gay and cheerful, his mind totally disengaged from the scenes in which he had passed the day. He was reading Milton aloud with great emphasis, and he said his mind was so totally engaged in paradise, that he had forgotten there were any people in the world but Adam and Eve. This seems a trifle, but it is an indication of a great mind, so entirely to discharge itself of such a load of care, and to find pleasure in so innocent and sublime an amusement." * * * The Duchess of Gloucester "desired Lady Mary Mordaunt (one of her ladies of the bed-chamber) to stop an orange-woman, and ask her if she ever sold ballads? 'No, indeed,' said the woman, 'I don't do anything so mean; I don't even sell *apples!*' This diverted them, as they did not know there were so many ranks and gradations in life."

Settled at her retreat, Cowslip Green, Hannah More devoted herself to works of benevolence, to the institution of Sunday-schools, and the diffusion of religious instruction among the poor of every class, but especially among the ignorant miners of the populous neighbourhood of Cheddar. Her writings were addressed to the suppression of the slave-trade, to stemming the torrent of French revolutionary principles, and to the religious improvement of high and low. In all she was eminently successful, and rendered great service to her country and the world at large. Some of her personal efforts in behalf of the unfortunate, are curious instances

of the ardour with which she embarked in whatever she deemed to be a good cause. In one, she endeavoured to rescue a girl of fourteen, who had eloped, but married her companion. The ungrateful milkwoman of Bristol was another case; and the following is a third, which may amuse our readers:—

"I heard (she sketches the tale herself) yesterday morning, by a person who was an eyewitness, that a fine young creature had thrown herself into the canal in St. James's Park, in a masquerade dress. She was taken up for dead, but by the usual means recovered, and carried to the Middlesex Hospital. Mrs. Clarke and I resolved immediately to set out and see what could be done; when we got there, we found she had just been carried in a hackney-coach to her lodgings in a street of very bad fame. Nothing intimidated, we followed her; —she came down to us looking deadly pale; her fine hair still drenched with the water. We told her we came as friends, and begged to know how we could serve her; she said her father had sold her at sixteen in the King's Bench, to a fellow-prisoner, after having given her a lady's education, which her language and manners confirmed; that she was at present (to use their absurd term) under the protection of an officer of the guards, to whom she was strongly attached; that she had lately found he neglected her; that he had gone the night before to the masquerade without her; that suspecting this, she had followed him; that she had seen him there with another of her own sex; had fallen into fits, and made such an eclat, that he was obliged to go back with her to her lodging. Mrs. Clarke and I were so much affected by this story, that we staid some hours with her, offered to provide for her if she would abandon her present mode of life, and at last prevailed upon her to quit her present lodging, engaging to pay her debts. She consented in an agony of mind; but when we had got her away, and thought ourselves sure of her, she would return once more, for the chance of seeing her betrayer; protesting we should hear of her again next day, which we did not believe: she kept her word, however, and next night we again brought her off; but it was near one in the morning before we could safely deposit her. She is pretty, very sensible, and but eighteen; has much the manners and figure of a lady. We have put her in a lodging near us. Sunday we agreed to go to church at different times, not to leave our penitent too long to her sad reflections. We are by no means sure of her going on well, and shall not be surprised if she leaves us in a moment. We are, however, looking out for a permanent situation for her. I leave town for Kent to-morrow, to stay till next Monday. They all wish me not to go, on account of this poor girl; but I have promised to stay with her on my return, if needful."

The result might have been anticipated: a few days after, she relates:—"I have only time to say that Harriet Lester, (the unhappy girl whose sad story I told you of,) took the advantage of my absence to elope. She wrote a most clever letter, lamenting what she called her *fate*, but she could not yet resolve on a life of penitence. She desired me to write to her: I did so, and, while I lamented her criminal mode of life, told her, if ever it should please God to touch her heart with true penitence, to write to me, and I would still receive her."

With this we conclude; and again we heartily commend the work.

Journal of the Geological Society of Dublin, Vol. I. Part II. Pp. 39. Dublin, Hardy.
THE Geological Society of Dublin has produced another volume, at the end of the season, to attest the labours of the past year and the vitality of the Institution. It contains, besides the president's annual address, eleven different memoirs, of which the most interesting is the account of the Mitchelstown Caves, by Professor Apjohn; and the most geological, a notice of the trapp rocks of Limerick, by Mr. Ainsworth, accompanied by a mineralogical map of the county by the same gentleman.

The first of these memoirs will do much towards disabusing the public as to the exaggerated notions which were propagated relative to the dimensions of these caves. They are more accurately described, and some interesting chemical remarks are appended by the author; among which we were particularly pleased with the surmise that the running waters absorbed the excess of carbonic acid given off in the formation of stalactites, as it shews how, by increasing the power which these waters had of dissolving the lime, the cave may be diminishing in size at one end by the deposition of stalagmitic crusts and pendant stalactites, while it is widening at another by the action of the waters. The distinction established by the continental mineralogists between hollow and impervious stalactites is, according to our author, only a distinction of age, the former being young stalactites and the latter old; and his views appear to be founded upon fact.

Next in importance is a sketch of the geology of the district of the Knocknahon Mines, in the county of Waterford, with a map by Mr. Holdsworth, which is ably done, and has some good mineralogical notes by Dr. A. Smith. Then a memoir on the geology of the district of Fannet, in the county of Donegal, by Mr. James M'Adam. The author is evidently a beginner, though a promising one, in the science; but he will require much study to perfect himself in descriptive geology as well as in the language of the science. It appears that the hornblende rocks, which are associated as overlying masses with the crystalline formations of this peninsula, are met with, as in the arrigal in the same county, on the summit of Murrin, one of the highest mountains in the district. Why call these rocks greenstone?—greenstone may be a compound of hornblende and feldspar (diortite) or of augite and feldspar (dolerite)—rocks of very different antiquity; and, indeed, in the old nomenclature, rocks of still more diversified characters and discordant ages are admitted under the same name. This is not a mere verbal criticism, for among the pyroid formations a difference of structure is even found to characterise a difference of age; and thus a correct mineralogical nomenclature is descriptive both of the character and the relative position of the formations. For the same reason, if the author had the discrimination to point out that the quartz rocks of Donegal were sometimes eurites and hyaloclastites, how could he preserve so barbarous and unmeaning a name as greywacke?—generally applied to transition clay-slates, to clay-slates with fragments of the same rock imbedded (magnetites), and to conglomerates. We are certain that our observations will not be lost upon the author, for we perceive that he has the elements of a correct writer within him. We can hardly say, with the author of a memoir "on some remarkable appearances of the granite to the south of Dublin," that these appearances are remarkable; and we refer for

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a detailed account of them, and of the dispositions to which they have already given birth among geologists, to the first volume of Dr. Macculloch's Geology. The same thing might be said of a description of a vein of granite traversing mica schist, in the county of Wicklow, a circumstance, according to the author, not noticed by Lyell or De la Beche: why, we now are acquainted with granite veins traversing every rock from gneiss to the oolitic series; the lias, for example, at Predazzo, and the inferior oolite at the ord of Caithness. The account of the fossil equista, as a fact, was worth mentioning; but the reports upon it are ridiculous—either one or a hundred analogous circumstances might be mentioned. Captain Portlock, one of the best practical geologists which the Society possesses, has added two good memoirs—one on the indentication of strata, and the other contains some interesting and judicious speculations on the basaltic district of the North of Ireland. We have, finally, every reason to hope that this Society will continue its exertions, and that it will more particularly devote them to the elucidation of the very interesting and striking peculiarities in structure and arrangement which belongs to that land which is the seat of their labours.

The Philosophy of Sleep. By R. Macnial, author of the "Anatomy of Drunkenness." Second edition. 12mo. pp. 336. Glasgow, 1834. M'Phun.

An extremely amusing volume of theory as well as philosophy in sport—and in earnest too. The instances of dreams and all the other phenomena attendant upon "tired nature's sweet restorer, balmy sleep," are interesting to every class of readers; and as the facts and cases with which the author illustrates his investigation are familiar and applicable to all who breathe the breath of life, we can hardly suppose a work more likely to maintain its popularity. Mr. Macnial appears to be somewhat credulous; and he is also a stanch phrenologist, to the minutest details of cerebral functions. Owing to these causes, some of his explanations are wonderfully hypothetical; he states the circumstances, and then he tries to account for them on his own adopted principles—a very unsafe and unsatisfactory mode of reasoning: but as our whole existence is little more than a dream, we shall not fatigue our mind with the discussion here.

So much has been added to, and so many judicious arrangements made in this new edition, that it is almost a new work; and we can hardly imagine one more curious and entertaining. We quote but a single extract as a specimen.

"There are no limits to the extravagancies of those visions, sometimes called into birth by the vivid exercise of the imagination. Contrasted with them, the wildest fictions of Rabelais, Ariosto, or Dante, sink into absolute probabilities. I remember of dreaming on one occasion that I possessed ubiquity, twenty resemblances of myself appearing in as many different places, in the same room; and each being so thoroughly possessed by my own mind, that I could not ascertain which of them was myself, and which my double, &c. On this occasion, fancy so far travelled into the regions of absurdity, that I conceived myself riding upon my own back—one of the resemblances being mounted upon another, and both animated with the soul appertaining to myself, in such a manner that I knew not whether I was the carrier or the carried. At another time,

I dreamed that I was converted into a mighty pillar of stone, which reared its head in the midst of a desert, where it stood for ages, till generation after generation melted away before it. Even in this state, though unconscious of possessing any organs of sense, or being else than a mass of lifeless stone, I saw every object around—the mountains growing bald with age—the forest-trees drooping in decay; and I heard whatever sounds nature is in the custom of producing, such as the thunder-peal breaking over my naked head, the winds howling past me, or the ceaseless murmur of streams. At last I also waxed old, and began to crumble into dust, while the moss and ivy accumulated upon me, and stamped me with the aspect of hoar antiquity. The first of these visions may have arisen from reading Hoffman's 'Devil's Elixir,' where there is an account of a man who supposed he had a double, or, in other words, was both himself and not himself; and the second had perhaps its origin in the heathen mythology, a subject to which I am extremely partial, and which abounds in stories of metamorphosis."

A Vision of Fair Spirits, and other Poems. By John Graham, of Wadham College. 8vo. pp. 123. London, 1834. Boone; Oxford, Vincent.

"Is there not beauty on the earth,
And holiness above?
Is there an hour that gives not birth
To something we may love?"

Certainly there is not. The human mind is filled with a thousand graceful fancies, which fling a charm over ordinary existence, and it is with a thick growth of these that the youthful poet commences his career. It is a fantastic similitude—but such belong to the period of which we speak—when we compare these fancies to the rings of emerald grass that spring up in a night, and are, for a bright and brief existence, beloved by the moonlight, visited by midnight music, and gladdened by the sweet presence of the fairies. They may, perhaps,

"When they part,
Leave withered rings around the heart;"

but still their life was lovely; and their memory has its own peculiar charm. From such a "haunted time" emanates the little volume now before us. The writer may, or may not, realise the early promise which feeling and fancy ever give; but there are slight touches and expressions whose poetry makes us think that where such exist more remain behind. The description of the sea-born Anadyomene is a painting:—

"Queen of the heart! how warm the am'rous wave
Enfolds each beauty with its crystal shrine!
How calm the wind, with passion wont to rave,
Mets into music 'neath one glance of thine!
How soft the light from ev'ry jewell'd cave!
Sleeps on the bosom of the sleepless brine!
Where each roused billow of the wanton tide
Spreads its bold arm to clasp the ocean bride."

One fine touch, too, exquisitely expresses the moonlight queen, on whom Endymion gazed: She who met his glance

"With the cold lustre of those maddening eyes!"

Rubens might colour the following lines:—

"Bend to the reeling Dryad of the vine,
With Autumn's light upon his stained lip."

We conclude with the annexed stanzas:—

"Consumption."

I knew—I knew it was not health which gave that hectic bloom,
Yet could I think that roseate hue the herald of the tomb?
I did not trust the transient fire that sparkled in her eye,
Yet could I think that one so bright, so beautiful, must die?

I dared not whisper to myself the fear that o'er me came!
Was it the falling source of life which fed that fatal flame?

A liquid light was in her eye that mock'd her shorten'd breath,
Was it the fire that gleams within the charnel vault of [death?
But she would faintly smile, and try to soothe my chilling fears.
And link of home and happier hours, and wipe the failing [falling
I knew—I felt that all was false—but how could I despair?
My soul was sad, but Hope had fix'd her last frail watch-light there.

But soon, alas! that fitful dream of hope had pass'd away!
Oh, God! that such a beauteous thing should be the earth-worm's prey!
I felt her quiv'ring pulse subside, I mark'd her failing [death?
I saw the last faint smile depart—and knew that this was

The idea of the first poem, that the ancient mythology originated in the angels visiting our earth, is as graceful as it is poetical; and, we must add, there is more than enough in these few pages to make us look forward. Mr. Graham has the future before him; and it is the poet's best world.

MISCELLANEOUS.

A History of France, in Questions and Answers, from Pharamond to Napoleon, &c. by Sarah Ranson. 12mo. pp. 252. (London, Darton and Harvey).—This classic book is extremely well arranged; and is judiciously calculated to make the leading events in the history of France familiar to the young. Such a volume was wanted by teachers and in schools; and we are glad to see the desideratum supplied.

The Geography of the British Isles, &c. &c. by M. M. Rodwell. 2 vols. 12mo. (London, Longman and Co.)—
"For the use of young persons and schools, with 18 maps, interspersed with historical facts and biographical sketches, and illustrated with keys and other helps to a correct understanding of the subject, we can truly say that this work is deservedly what it purports to be, and, consequently, well worthy of being brought into general reference. It is in the form of conversations; and the drier parts well relieved by interesting and amusing selections."

The Father's Book, by T. Dwight, jun. 12mo. (London, Fry).—This is an American importation, and enforces very strict principles in the upbringing of children. How far it goes may be gathered, among a multitude of right and sensible opinions, from the author's reprobating the keeping of spirituous liquors in a family.

The Practice-Book, &c., by Miss Anne Tallant. 24mo. pp. 70. (London, Hatchard and Son).—A second edition has rewarded the talent displayed by Miss Tallant in this useful little lesson-book, which is a good help to the understanding of English construction, and other branches of information.

Family Divinity: Doddridge's Family Expositor, Vol. IV. (London, Bell and Co.)—A republication, which continues to be neatly and cheaply got up.

A Paraphrastic Translation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, by Laius. 12mo. pp. 110. (London, Simpkin and Marshall, and Abingdon, C. E. & Co.).—The author thinks he has rendered some of the difficult passages in this epistle more intelligible than heretofore; a question which we leave to learned biblical scholars and theologians. One portion of his work is, that the whole proceeds of the sale are to be given to the British and Foreign Bible Society, independently of the printing being paid for by the author, and not deducted from the amount.

The Corner-Stone; or, a Familiar Illustration of the Principles of Christian Truth, by Jacob Abbott: with a preface by J. Pye Smith, D.D. 12mo. pp. 390. (London, Seeley and Burnside).—This work has had an extraordinary run in America; and as an exposition of the pure elements of Christianity, was justly entitled to republication and extended popularity in England.

ARTS AND SCIENCES.

ROYAL INSTITUTION.

MR. PHILLIPS on chemical affinity. The object of the lecturer was to define the meaning of the term chemical affinity, and to describe the causes which increase, diminish, prevent, or modify its action. He observed, that we are ignorant of the ultimate nature or cause of affinity, and know of its existence only by the effects which it produces on the various forms of matter. To admit of the action of chemical affinity, it was stated that bodies must be dissimilar; and this fact was illustrated by the action of acids and alkalies, when separate, upon vegetable blue and yellow colours respectively, and their loss of this power by combination, so as to form a salt. Another circumstance requisite to its production was

* Omitted during the current course of these lectures; but we take the opportunity of less pressure to preserve so instructive and useful an exposition.—Ed. L. G.

mixture; to this, however, there was an apparent exception, as when an effervescent and deliquescent salt were contained in the same vessel; the latter, without being in contact with the former, would deprive it of its water of crystallisation,—an effect which was stated to be due to the carrying power of the air, which conveyed the moisture from the effervescent to the deliquescent salt. Variations of temperature were mentioned as causing alterations in chemical affinity; thus,—at common temperature, mercury and atmospheric air undergo scarcely any change whatever; but, at a certain increase of heat, the mercury combines with the oxygen of the air, and is converted into peroxide; whilst, at a higher temperature than that required to form the peroxide, it is decomposed into oxygen gas and a species of mercury. Another experiment, performed to prove that affinity is dependent upon the degree of heat, was that of mixing muriate of ammonia and carbonate of lime. At common temperature, these salts undergo no change; but, when heated, it was shewn that carbonate of ammonia was evolved, and what is commonly called muriate of lime remained in the vessel. It was afterwards shewn, that when the carbonate of ammonia and muriate of lime formed by heat were dissolved in water, and the solution mixed at common temperature, carbonate of lime was again formed and precipitated; while the muriate of ammonia, also reproduced at this low temperature, remained in solution. It was observed that heat, in some cases, caused only partial instead of total decomposition: thus it was shewn, that when copper was put into sulphuric acid, no action took place between them; but when heat was applied, then the copper decomposed the sulphuric acid, and, taking part of its oxygen, reduced it to the state of sulphurous acid, which was plentifully given out in the form of gas. Communion was mentioned as sometimes requisite to cause chemical action, in other cases merely accelerating it. The first proposition was proved by the insolubility of common clay, though reduced to a fine powder in an acid; but some clay, or alumina, which had been recently precipitated, and was consequently more minutely divided, was immediately dissolved by the acid. The second case, on the acceleration of chemical action by minute division, was shewn by the greater rapidity with which powdered marble was dissolved in acid than in a mass of the same substance. Concentration was likewise mentioned as another circumstance sometimes requisite to induce chemical action. Mr. Phillips afterwards observed, that oxygen was necessary to cause metals to combine with acids; and this was stated to be sometimes derived from the decomposition of a portion of the acid and water, or the atmosphere, according to the nature of the metal and the acid; further, that the introduction of a third body was sometimes necessary to insure chemical action. This was proved by mixing very small portions of tincture of galls and sulphate of iron in distilled water;—no visible effect was produced until a drop of solution of ammonia was added, when the whole became instantly almost black. In some cases, dilution was necessary to chemical action, as when sulphuric acid requires water to cause action between it and zinc; this, however, was not owing to dilution *as such*, but because, by the decomposition of the water, the oxygen requisite to the solution of the metal was supplied to it. It was afterwards observed, that though a certain degree of oxidization was necessary to the solution of a metal in acid, an excess might prevent it. The lecturer con-

cluded an admirable discourse with explaining what was meant by the *nascent* state of bodies, which he said frequently was necessary to insure chemical action; and he expressed his regret that time would not allow him to offer any experimental illustration of this circumstance, nor to enter further into the subject, for which he had prepared additional observations and experiments.—There was exhibited an enormous pike, taken in the Broads, in Norfolk, which weighed 38 lbs.

GALLERY OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

Chemistry.

We attended on Wednesday evening the first of a series of lectures about to be given on chemistry, as applied to the arts, at this excellent Institution, and were much gratified, even at this season, to find a goodly attendance of science-loving ladies and gentlemen. The lecture was on bleaching; and Mr. Maughan treated his subject with perspicuity and simplicity. We have heard this gentleman before upon a theoretical branch of the science, and are inclined to speak well of his abilities as a lecturer. We further believe that at the Institution his time is largely given up to the investigation of new processes in the arts, and those practical applications of scientific information which must render him a valuable acquisition to so truly national an establishment. In the course of the evening, the lecturer, after advertizing to the history of the introduction of bleaching into this country, and the effect which it had upon the dress both of our own and of various other nations, went through the process of obtaining chlorine, shewing its chemical constitution and that of the bodies from whence it is obtained—detailed in a lucid manner the improvement in nomenclature made by the discovery, that what was formerly considered as oxy-muriatic acid was in reality chlorine in combination with hydrogen—explained the theory of the action of muriatic acid upon the peroxide of manganese in producing the substance in a gaseous form—its disinfecting properties,—and afterwards illustrated its power of destroying vegetable colours, which apparently created much interest. The *Saponaria officinalis*, by the by, is so called from its mucilaginous sap, not from its having been used as a soap. After the lecture there was a conversazione, agreeably enlivened by music, which was kept up till a late hour; and we acknowledge having spent a very pleasant evening in the Gallery of Practical Science.

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Survey of Thebes; or, Diopolis, Magna, and Ground-plan of the Pyramids, taken in 1830. By J. G. Wilkinson, Esq. Six Sheets. London, 1834.

We have long looked for some description of Thebes which might convey an idea of the grandeur and extent of that ancient city; and the recent publication of Mr. Wilkinson's Survey has at length supplied that important desideratum.

The French had given the plans of the temples, and some of the ruins of Thebes, in the "Description de l'Egypte;" but the hurry consequent upon the disturbed state of the country, and the little interest then felt about Egyptian matters, tended to render them careless in the mode of executing their survey; and it is greatly deficient in the detail of the most important parts. However, we are now enabled to judge of the position and extent of all the temples and other buildings that once stood,

or still exist, within the precincts of that extensive city; and the monuments in the plain, and in the valleys of the Libyan mountain, are here detailed with the utmost precision.

Homer, the oldest author who mentions Thebes, has dignified it by the epithet Hecatompylos, or the city "with a hundred gates;" a poetical expression, which, according to Diodorus, alludes to the courts in the palaces of the nobles, where the chariots and troops assembled, and from which they issued on their march to war; for Thebes, according to Mr. Wilkinson, had no wall of circuit, as is proved by the non-existence of any vestiges of it, as well on the alluvial soil of the eastern bank, as on the rock of the western side. It stood on either shore of the Nile; and though, as he observes, the rise of the plain, owing to the accumulation of the alluvial deposit, might, on the former bank, have partially buried and concealed it, yet that portion on the opposite side, which was founded on the solid rock, would have defied the ravages of time, and must, at all events, have offered numerous vestiges of its existence.

Of the description given by Hecataeus, nothing remains but a few quotations preserved by Diodorus; and ancient authors have afforded us very little information respecting this celebrated city. Herodotus scarcely notices it, and Diodorus seems to limit the number of temples to four, which must have been those of Karnak, Luxor, Medinet Habon, and the Memnonium. The Roman writers are equally deficient in their descriptions of the early grandeur of this city, and were mostly contented to celebrate the praises of the vocal statue of Memnon; but Strabo justly observes, that it once had a great number of temples, most of which were destroyed or greatly injured by the fury of Cambyses. Indeed, we can pardon the Romans for this neglect, since Thebes was then reduced to such a deplorable condition that it was no longer a city, but was divided, as at present, into a number of petty villages. Its downfall was mainly owing to the rebellion of its inhabitants against the authority of Ptolemy Lathyrus, who, after a siege of three years, took it by assault, and destroyed even more than the barbarous Persian; though the greater importance attached to Memphis, and subsequently to Alexandria, had already paved the way for its approaching decline. But we justly blame the earlier historians* for their remissness in omitting the description of so grand and interesting a city; and we are surprised to find that even its extent was unknown. Diodorus calculates the circuit to have been 140 stadia, or about sixteen miles; and Strabo allows it 80 stadia in length; but the real dimensions appear to have been between five and six miles by three, the greatest portion of which lay on the Libyan bank. On this side were the tombs, as well as a considerable number of temples; and though Karnak is the largest either at Thebes or in any Egyptian city, the number of ruins on the western side far exceeds that of the opposite shore. The latter constituted what was properly styled the city; the former was comprehended under the general name of the Libyan suburb. The houses of Karnak have been destroyed by fire, as were many of the tombs of the Necropolis; and Diodorus affirms, that, besides the pillage removed by the Persians, 300 talents of gold and 2300 of silver were collected from the ashes after it was burnt by those implacable invaders.

Trifling as these imperfect accounts appear,

* Perhaps we may except Hecataeus; but we only know his work from the imperfect extracts of Diodorus.

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It will be seen from the "Survey" before us that Thebes once boasted many more temples than those which now remain; and the numerous fragments of statues and columns that lie amidst their mutilated ruins attest the splendour of the monuments they once adorned.

Besides the "Survey of Thebes" we have on the same sheets a plan of the Pyramids of Gizeh, and of the tombs, and other objects of antiquity in their vicinity; and we at once see the proportion and relative site of those immense masses of building, the position of the smaller pyramids, and the tombs of those individuals who were buried around them. And, as Mr. W. has availed himself of a large scale in this, as well as in the "Survey of Thebes," he has been enabled to introduce every object, however minute; and by an extensive list of references, we are informed of the nature, date, or whatever is most interesting respecting each monument.

LITERARY AND LEARNED. UNIVERSITY INTELLIGENCE.

OXFORD, Jan. 14th, 1834.—The first day of Lent Term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—J. Barrow, Tabard, Queen's College;

* See Pettigrew's History of Egyptian Mummies.

Rev. G. Casson, Fellow, Brasenose College; Rev. J. P. Wilson, Demy, Magdalen College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. H. Sotheby, New Inn Hall; W. J. Morish, Magdalen Hall; W. Gill, Exeter College.

Jan. 23d.—The following degrees were conferred:

Masters of Arts.—W. Boyd, Fellow, G. Clark, Scholar, University College; Rev. J. S. Dolby, Lincoln College; Rev. E. W. Holland, Worcester College; E. Massie, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—G. Day, H. M. Villiers, G. Barnes,

W. Cothe, Students, H. S. Murray, Christ Church College; J. Bright, Wadham College; G. W. Cooke, Jesus College; J. Hamilton, Pembroke College; J. C. Bell, Trinity College; J. S. Pinkerton, Fellow, St. John's College; E. Pidley, F. O. Morris, Worcester College.

Jan. 29th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. E. Thruopp, Wadham College; Rev. T. A. Medwin, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Boucher, Worcester College; A. Black, Christ Church College; E. Saunders, Balliol College; W. E. Tucker, Trinity College.

In a full convocation, holden on the same day, his Grace the Duke of Wellington was unanimously elected Chancellor of the University, in the room of the late Lord Grenville.

Feb. 6th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—The Hon. and very Rev. H. E. J. Howard, Christ Church, dean of Litchfield, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. A. Houbton, Oriel College, Grand Compounder; Rev. W. A. Bathurst, Wadham College, Grand Compounder; Rev. W. S. Davenport, T. W. Creaser, Rev. P. Kitchingham, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. M. Chambers, Hon. H. C. Bagot, Christ Church College; P. Tillard, Brasenose College; E. Price, Magdalen Hall.

Feb. 13th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. J. W. Warter, Rev. J. H. Grice, Christ Church College; Rev. C. F. B. Wood, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—C. L. Reay, Queen's College; J. F. Beifield, Oriel College.

Feb. 20th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Civil Law.—A. J. Drury, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. A. Goddard, Brasenose College; G. Caldwell, Merton College; J. S. Hill, Magdalen Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. P. Haughton, Scholar, Brasenose College; G. W. Sandys, Pembroke College; J. Hicks, Oriel College.

Feb. 27th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. F. J. Parsons, Fellow, Magdalen Hall.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. G. Bird, St. Edmund Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—H. M. Smythe, New College; F. French, Oriel College; J. H. Hotham, Demy, Magdalen Hall.

March 6th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. S. W. Roberts, Fellow, Pembroke College; Rev. C. W. W. Eytoun, Fellow, Jesus College.

Masters of Arts.—Sir W. B. Riddle, J. H. Barker, Grand Compounds, Christ Church College.

March 13th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—J. Jekyll, Christ Church College; Rev. J. Carter, Fellow, St. John's College.

Bachelor of Arts.—F. R. Phillips, Trinity College.

March 22d.—The last day of Lent term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—C. J. Meredith, Fellow, Lincoln College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. J. Gillman, Fellow, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—W. W. Andrew, St. Mary Hall, Grand Compounds; C. King, Magdalen College.

Bachelor of Arts.—J. W. Bryan, Worcester College.

April 9th.—The first day of Easter term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—J. W. Chidlers, W. Sneyd, Grand Compounds; Rev. H. Gregory, Christ Church College; Rev. J. L. Galton, St. Edmund Hall; J. W. Riches, W. H. Whitworth, G. E. Descon, C. Balston, Scholars, Corpus Christi College; E. H. Grove, Fellow, A. E. Kuox, E. James, Brasenose College; Rev. J. Guillemaud, Fellow, St. John's College; Rev. W. Maakelyne, Pembroke College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Whytt, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. H. Howell, Merton College.

April 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. W. Coope, St. Mary Hall; J. Hopton, Brasenose College; F. Wrench, Trinity College; Rev. J. P. Fenson, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—Hon. E. C. Curzon, Christ Church College; W. B. Mackenzie, Magdalen Hall.

April 24th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. B. Wilson, Fellow, St. John's College.

Bachelors in Medicine, with licence to practise.—H. S. Dyer, Worcester College; W. E. Page, Student, Christ Church College; T. Smal, Magdalen Hall.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. T. Freeman, Brasenose College; R. F. Wilson, Oriel College; Rev. W. H. Boultoun, Trinity College; Prof. R. C. Clifton, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Clark, Pembroke College; S. Pemberton, R. G. Alston, A. C. Lefroy, Christ Church College; J. T. White, Corpus Christi College; S. F. Auchmuty, Brasenose College; C. F. Baldwin, R. J. F. Lamberti, St. John's College; G. T. C. Lamotte, E. L. Barnwell, Balliol College; J. A. Emerton, Magdalen Hall;

J. Byng, Merton College; C. G. Bethune, Trinity College; M. M. Barlow, Wadham College; W. D. Roberts, Jesus College; J. H. Nurse, Worcester College; H. Allen, New Inn Hall, Incorporated from Pembroke College, Cambridge.

April 30th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Medicine, with licence to practise.—G. Lloyd, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. B. Fisher, Pembroke College, A. A. Franklyn, Exeter College, Grand Compounds; Rev. T. H. Hawes, New College; H. Denison, Trin. Coll.

Bachelors of Arts.—P. Allen, New Inn Hall; I. Spencer, St. Mary Hall; H. Sudgen, Alban Hall; N. Wattis, W. Grice, University College; Lord C. Thynne, Christ Church College; R. Smith, Worcester College; J. H. Harding, A. S. Gem, T. Taylor, Magdalen Hall; A. Stackhouse, Lincoln College; T. C. Burrow, Queen's College; E. T. Yates, A. Twining, Oriel College; H. Heming, J. Kitson, J. J. Pratt, Fellows, H. J. Fellowes, J. Lucy, St. John's College.

May 7th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Viscount Bernard, Oriel College; T. G. Corbett, Christ Church College, Grand Compounds; Rev. J. R. Burgess, Oriel College; Rev. T. B. L. Browne, Jesus College; E. Hulse, Fellow, All Soul's College; H. G. Handel, Michel Scholz, Queen's College; R. Smith, Balliol College; H. C. Brookbank, W. W. Collier, J. J. Dene, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. Smallbone, R. H. Dene, St. Edmund Hall; J. R. Hill, University College; W. H. Egerton, D. Tupper, Brasenose College; C. Thorp, G. Roberts, Magdalen Hall; E. C. Streten, Queen's College; T. E. Abraham, W. J. B. Estcourt, Balliol College; B. Lowther, Merton College; W. T. Silifant, Exeter College; J. Thomas, J. R. Trye, E. W. Davis, Jesus College; T. Jackson, Worcester College.

May 17th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Medicine.—S. L. Hammick, University College, one of Dr. Radcliffe's Travelling Fellows.

Masters of Arts.—The Earl of Selkirk, Christ Church College, Grand Compounds; Rev. J. Thornicroft, Brasenose College; J. E. Walker, Fellow, Oriel College; Rev. F. Thomas, Fellow, Pembroke College; W. Borlase, Michel Fellow, Queen's College; E. Stewart, Oriel College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. E. C. Wood, Magdalen Hall, P. P. Williams, Christ Church College, Grand Compounds; W. Hall, St. Edmund Hall; J. Bateman, Magdalen Hall; H. J. Onslow, G. Renaud, Scholars, Corpus Christi College; S. F. Dickson, J. Macdougal, R. Thompson, Brasenose College; H. Hunter, J. Higgins, A. C. Bishop, R. W. Barnes, R. Snow, Queen's College; C. Rees, Fellow, E. Chambers, G. Austin, St. John's College; E. Elder, E. Sampson, Balliol College; H. Carey, Oriel College; O. Fox, Scholar, Lincoln College; J. Horner, C. G. V. Bayly, T. Chapman, E. J. Carter, E. W. Barlow, T. K. Kingdon, Exeter College; T. W. Goodlake, Scholar, Pembroke College; Rev. C. Westrell, Worcester College.

May 21st.—The first day of Act term, the following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. J. Ratford, Rector, Lincoln College.

Masters of Arts.—E. Odell, W. E. Gladstone, Christ Church College, Grand Compounds; F. G. Newmark, St. Albans Hall; Rev. W. Butterfield, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. S. Thackwell, Pembroke College; Rev. J. A. Herbert, E. Green, University College; Rev. T. Farebrother, Rev. M. Dand, Queen's College; F. Holme, Scholar, L. G. Overton, Fellow, Corpus Christi College; Rev. J. Robinson, H. Audjo, N. J. Merriman, Brasenose College; Rev. H. D. C. S. Horlock, W. J. Morish, Magdalen Hall; A. Cox, Rev. J. P. Taylor, Lincoln College; C. G. Prudeaux, Balliol College; Rev. M. Davies, C. J. Crawford, E. Thomas, Johnstone, G. J. Niblett, R. Deane, Exeter College; Rev. G. D. Ryder, Oriel College; Rev. J. F. Turner, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. H. Bunbury, St. Albans Hall; C. Evanson, St. Edmund Hall; A. Evans, Pembroke College; J. D. Day, J. W. Edwards, Brasenose College; P. E. Shirley, C. J. Fox, C. Hayes, J. H. Oldrid, A. J. Howell, Magdalen Hall; R. Blackburn, Scholar, Balliol College; A. E. Sohersey, E. F. Talbot, E. Thornton, G. T. Marsh, Students, J. M. Tainage, T. Lloyd, Christ Church College; J. R. Dobson, Lincoln College; R. Ward, Oriel College; G. W. Langmead, A. Dene, Exeter College; S. Terry, Trinity College; B. E. Winthrop, N. Brookling, J. Tracey, T. Floud, Wadham College; T. Evans, Jesus College; W. H. Carwithen, F. T. Scott, S. Luscombe, Worcester College.

May 28th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. B. Deane, Fellow, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—E. Odell, W. E. Gladstone, Christ Church College, Grand Compounds; F. G. Newmark, St. Albans Hall; Rev. W. Butterfield, St. Edmund Hall; Rev. J. A. Herbert, E. Green, University College; Rev. T. Farebrother, Rev. M. Dand, Queen's College; F. Holme, Scholar, L. G. Overton, Fellow, Corpus Christi College; Rev. J. Robinson, H. Audjo, N. J. Merriman, Brasenose College; Rev. H. D. C. S. Horlock, W. J. Morish, Magdalen Hall; A. Cox, Rev. J. P. Taylor, Lincoln College; C. G. Prudeaux, Balliol College; Rev. M. Davies, C. J. Crawford, E. Thomas, Johnstone, G. J. Niblett, R. Deane, Exeter College; Rev. G. D. Ryder, Oriel College; Rev. J. F. Turner, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—R. H. Bunbury, St. Albans Hall; C. Evanson, St. Edmund Hall; A. Evans, Pembroke College; J. D. Day, J. W. Edwards, Brasenose College; P. E. Shirley, C. J. Fox, C. Hayes, J. H. Oldrid, A. J. Howell, Magdalen Hall; R. Blackburn, Scholar, Balliol College; A. E. Sohersey, E. F. Talbot, E. Thornton, G. T. Marsh, Students, J. M. Tainage, T. Lloyd, Christ Church College; J. R. Dobson, Lincoln College; R. Ward, Oriel College; G. W. Langmead, A. Dene, Exeter College; S. Terry, Trinity College; B. E. Winthrop, N. Brookling, J. Tracey, T. Floud, Wadham College; T. Evans, Jesus College; W. H. Carwithen, F. T. Scott, S. Luscombe, Worcester College.

May 29th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—J. B. Deane, Fellow, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—W. B. Pusey, Grand Compounds, W. H. Lushington, Oriel College; Rev. R. V. Pryor, Balliol College; T. Tancer, Fellow, Merton College; Rev. J. Robertson, Scholar, Pembroke College; E. Cockay, J. B. Dyne, Rev. W. H. Bloxsome, Fellow, Wadham College; J. Fisher, Rev. C. L. Cornish, Fellow, Exeter College; Prof. T. Davies, Jesus College; Rev. R. H. Harrison, Trinity College; J. K. Stubbs, Scholar, Worcester College.

Bachelors of Arts.—T. H. Brooke, J. B. N. Heard, St. Mary Hall; C. Hoskyns, Balliol College.

June 3d.—The University Prizes were adjudged as follows:—

Chancellor's Prize.

Latin Verse, "Clerico ab exilio redux Romanum ingreditur," A. Kensingtont, Scholar, Trinity College.

English Essay, "The influence of the Roman conquests upon literature and the arts in Rome," J. Anstie, B.A., late Student, Christ Church College.

Latin Essay, "De Provinciarum Romanarum administrandarum ratione," R. Scott, B.A. Student, Christ Church College, Craven Scholar, and Dean Ireland's Scholar.

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.

English Verse, "The Hospice of St. Bernard," J. Arnold, Scholar, Wadham College.

June 3d.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. B. Penny, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—J. W. Henley, Magdalene College, Rev. H. Drummond, Balliol College, Grand Compounders; Rev. C. G. Davies, St. Mary Hall; C. Turner, University College; Hon. W. H. Spencer, Christ Church College; Rev. J. Dobson, Queen's College; Rev. J. C. Wynter, St. John's College; Rev. S. Cotes, Wadham College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. F. Collins, University College, Grand Compounder; C. J. Champneys, St. Alban Hall; H. Rogers, University College; J. P. Taylor, V. Knightley, Christ Church College; J. R. Quarrey, Lincoln College; J. Brereton, New College; T. B. Melhuish, Exeter College; H. Peake, Jesus College; H. H. Bastard, Wadham College.

The following subjects are proposed for the Chancellor's Prize for the ensuing year:—

Latin Verse, "Julianus Imperator Templum Hierosolymitanum instaurare aggreditur."

English Essay, "The influence of ancient oracles on public and private life."

Latin Essay, "De Jure Cunctelatu apud Romanos."

Sir Roger Newdigate's Prize.—"The Burning of Moscow."

June 7th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—J. Fletcher, Exeter College.

Bachelors and Doctors in Divinity, by accumulation.—J. James, late Fellow, St. John's College, and Prebendary of Peterborough; H. D. Owen, late Scholar, Jesus College.

Doctor in Medicine.—T. O. Ward, Queen's College.

Doctor in Civil Law.—Rev. B. Penny, Brasenose College, Grand Compounder.

Bachelor in Divinity.—Rev. H. Richards, Exeter College, Grand Compounder.

Masters of Arts.—C. H. Barham, Christ Church College, Grand Compounder; Rev. G. G. Parsons, Student, W. Graham; E. Connor, F. Morris, Rev. H. Walker, Christ Church College; Rev. W. H. Hughes, Lincoln College; H. B. W. Churton, Fellow, C. Scott, Rev. J. Hill, Rev. J. H. Swainson, Rev. W. H. Brown, Brasenose College; Hon. C. B. Bernard, Rev. J. J. Toogood, P. D. Hadow, W. Mallock, J. W. Pugh, Balliol College; J. Hardy, S. F. Wood, Oriel College; T. N. Williams, Merton College; W. Gatty, J. C. Powell, Rev. J. L. Crawley, Trinity College; E. L. Ward, Wadham College; F. J. Buriton, Rev. E. W. Hughes, Worcester College; Rev. T. Summers, Rev. W. Irving, Jesus College; Rev. W. M. Avey, Queen's College; Rev. J. H. Hext, Rev. W. M. Adey, Rev. J. W. Scott, Exeter College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. Wyndham, Magdalene College; R. Hopton, Brasenose College; G. W. L. Waasey, Christ Church College; T. R. Branfoot, Trinity College; J. Smith, Exeter College; P. Marshall, Wadham College; H. Gough, T. B. Levy, Scholars, Queen's College.

CAMBRIDGE, Feb. 5th, 1834.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Honorary Masters of Arts.—Hon. W. T. Law, St. Peter's College; Hon. W. C. Henniker, St. John's College; W. W. Ramsay, Trinity College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. H. B. Bacon, Compounder, Trinity College; Rev. T. Furlong, Queen's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. G. G. G. F. Pigott, St. Peter's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—J. G. J. Heysett, Trinity College; G. J. Kennedy, J. Wharton, St. John's College.

Feb. 12th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—Rev. F. Duncan, Trinity College; Rev. J. P. Gurney, Queen's College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. C. Woodward, Queen's College.

Bachelors of Arts.—W. C. Frampton, H. Lushington, A. Duncan, Trinity College; W. Handley, E. Rendell, C. T. Scott, J. B. James, St. John's College; W. R. Evans, Corpus Christi College; H. P. Lazony, Jesus College.

March 5th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Bachelors in Divinity.—Rev. J. W. Worthington, Trinity College; Rev. W. Clarke, Rev. E. Dewhurst, Compounds, St. John's College.

Masters of Arts.—Rev. S. R. Cattley, Compounder, Queen's College; Rev. T. Nunes, St. John's College.

Licentiates in Physic.—G. E. W. Wood, Trinity College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—C. W. Dilke, Trinity Hall.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. E. Arden, St. Peter's College; J. S. Haygarth, Trinity College; T. R. Ibbotson, St. John's College.

March 6th.—The chancellor's gold medals for the two best proficients in classical learning among the commencing Bachelors of Arts were adjudged to T. K. Selwyn and W. Forsyth, Trinity College.

The subject of the Seatonian Prize-poem for the present year, is "Jacob."

March 12th.—The following degree was conferred:—

Bachelor of Arts.—W. Kell, St. John's College.

March 14th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Masters of Arts.—B. D. Walsh, Fellow, Rev. T. W. Mel-

ler, J. H. L. Cameron, C. J. B. Aldis, S. E. Walker, Trinity College; S. Earleshaw, St. John's College; W. M. Oliver, Fellow, St. Peter's College; F. Hillyard, Clare Hall; J. Mills, J. Mills jun. Fellows, Pembroke College; Rev. J. Bacon, Corpus Christi College; Rev. J. N. Peill, Fellow, Queen's College; T. Gaakin, Fellow, Jesus College; Rev. T. Walker, Fellow, Christ's College.

Bachelor in Physic.—W. Pratt, St. John's College.

March 24th.—The Norrissian Prize-essay was adjudged to Charles Eyres, B.A. Caius College. Subject, "The conduct and preaching of the Apostles an evidence of the truth of Christianity." The subject given in our No. 907 is that for the ensuing year.

April 16th.—The following degrees were conferred:—

Doctor in Divinity.—Rev. J. R. Rushton, Clare Hall.

Hon. Master of Arts.—Hon. R. Cavendish, Trin. Coll.

Masters of Arts.—W. H. R. Head, J. W. Blakesley, G. Perry, Trinity College; C. Whichcote, St. John's Col-

lege; W. Darby, St. Peter's College; E. S. Dixon, J. T. Day, Corpus Christi College; J. B. Doveton, Downing College.

Bachelor in Civil Law.—Rev. E. Price, St. John's Col-

lege.

Bachelors of Arts.—F. V. Meulen, J. Newman, A. Pea-

cock, P. Moncrieffe, E. Thompson, H. O'Brien, G. P.

Bushe, Trinity College; W. F. Dobson, T. J. Boys, G. P.

John's College; F. Braithwaite, Clare Hall; G. Mackie, Pembroke College; R. Wood, Caius College; L. A. Nor-

gate, C. J. Dashwood, Corpus Christi College; E. B. Al-

len, S. Bridge, T. Bennett, Queen's College; E. Kelly, Warechope, R. C. Saunders, D. Haigh, Catharine Hall; F. A. Crow, Christ's College; W. J. Whiting, Magdalen College; J. Letts, Sidney College.

At the same congregation *ad eundem* degrees were con-

ferred upon J. H. Spy, D.D. Oriel College, Oxford, and

C. A. Ogilvie, M.A. Balliol College, Oxford.

PRINCIPAL AMERICAN PERIODICALS.

Names.	Com	Place of Publication.	Editors.	Time.	Pages.	Price.
<i>Literary, Political, &c.</i>						
Aladdin's Lamp	1833	New York	R. R. Gurley	Month	32	5 00
African Repository		Washington	Ditto	Month	32	5 00
American Monthly Magazine	1833	New York	Herbert, Patterson	Ditto	64	5 00
American Monthly Review	1832	Cambridge (Mass.)	S. E. Willard	Ditto	64	5 00
American Quarterly Review	1837	Philadelphia	R. Walsh	Quarter	250	5 00
American Quarterly Observer	1833	Boston	B. B. Edwards	Quarter	200	4 00
American Quarterly Register	1833	Ditto	L. L. L. L.	Ditto	64	1 00
Annals of Education	1830	Ditto	W. C. Woodbridge	Month	48	3 00
Calumet (American Peace Society)	1831	New York	H. B. Thacher	2 months	100	1 00
Colonizationist	1831	Boston	T. McPh. Flint	Ditto	32	2 00
Father's Magazine	1831	New York	S. J. Hale	Ditto	16	1 00
Knickerbocker	1831	Ito	T. McPh. Flint	Ditto	92	4 00
Ladies' Magazine	1826	Boston	S. J. Hale	Ditto	30	1 00
Lady's Book	1831	Philadelphia	F. S. Wiggins	Ditto	36	1 00
Military and Naval Magazine of U. S.	1833	Washington (D. C.)	J. G. Whalesey	Ditto	60	1 00
Monthly Repository	1833	New York	S. M. Whitely	Monthly	8	4 00
Mother's Magazine	1833	U. S. (N. Y.)	W. T. Porter	Month	62	2 50
Museum of Foreign Literature	1832	Philadelphia	Morris, Fay, Willis	Weekly	8	3 00
North American Review	1831	Boston	P. S. M.	Quarter	268	5 00
New England Magazine	1831	Boston	Ditto	Month	56	3 00
New York Atlas Magazine	1831	New York	Norton, Folsom	Ditto	5 00	
New York Mirror	1831	Boston	Henry Vethake	Ditto	5 00	
Newspaper and Academic Magazine	1831	Boston	James Hall	Ditto	5 00	
People's Magazine	1831	Boston	Ditto	5 00		
Select Journal of For. Period. Literature	1833	Boston	Ditto	5 00		
United States Review	1833	Boston	Ditto	5 00		
Western Monthly Magazine	1833	Cincinnati	Ditto	5 00		
In French						
La Revue Francaise	1833	New York	Ditto	5 00		
La France Litteraire	1833	Ditto	Ditto	4 00		
Theological and Religious						
Albott's Religious Magazine	1833	Boston and New York	G. D. and J. Abbott	Ditto	2 50	
A banq Quarterly		Albany (N. Y.)	Rev. Dr. Wilson	Quarter	36	
American Baptist Magazine		Boston	S. F. Smith	Month	12	1 50
American Tract Magazine		New York	W. A. Hallock	Ditto	200	3 00
Biblical Repository	1831	Philadelphia	Edward Robinson	2 months	96	4 00
Biblical Repository	1831	Andover and N. Y.	C. A. Goodrich	Quarter	48	3 00
Christian Examiner (Unitarian)	1829	New Haven	A. Green	Month	56	3 00
Christian Spectator (Congregational)	1829	Philadelphia	C. J. Tenney	Ditto	48	3 00
Christian Advocate (Presbyterian)	1831	Hartford	A. Peters	Ditto	31	1 00
Evangelical Magazine	1831	New York	Leon Woods, Jr.	Quarter	200	3 00
Home Missionary	1834	Ditto	N. Bangs, D. D.	Quarter	100	2 00
Literary and Theological Review	1834	Ditto	A. Greene	Month	36	1 50
Methodist Magazine	1834	Boston	D. Dickinson	Ditto	16	1 00
Missionary Herald	1804	Boston	Lewis Colby	2 months	24	5 00
National Preacher	1834	Boston	C. Marsh	Month	24	5 00
New Jerusalem Magazine (Swedeb.)	1831	New York	J. Greenleaf	Ditto	32	1 50
Sabbath School Treasury	1831	Boston	D. N. Lord	Ditto	5 00	
Sabbath School Visitor	1831	Boston	S. An.	Ditto	5 00	
Sailor's Magazine	1832	Ditto	Phillips and Sewell	2 months	5 00	
United Brethren Missionary Intelligencer	1831	New York	John Lomas	Month	62	6 00
Views in Theology	1834	Baltimore	Sergeant and Lowber	Ditto	252	10 00
Literature						
American Jurist and Law Magazine	1833	Boston	Dr. E. Gedding	Quarter	250	5 00
City Hall Reporter and N. Y. Law Mag.	1833	New York	Asso. Physicians	Ditto	200	5 00
Law Library	1833	Philadelphia	Ditto	Weekly	16	1 50
American Medical Journal and Review	1833	Baltimore	Dr. R. E. Griffith	Quarter	88	2 50
American Journal of Medical Sciences	1826	Philadelphia	Dr. C. Robbins	Month	56	5 00
Journal of Health	1832	Ditto	D. C. Robbins	Ditto	4 00	
Journal of Pharmacy	1829	Philadelphia	Asso. Physicians	Month	56	5 00
Medical Gazette	1831	Boston	D. C. Robbins	Ditto	4 00	
Medical Magazine	1831	Ditto	D. C. Robbins	Ditto	4 00	
Western Medical Gazette	1831	Cincinnati	D. C. Robbins	Ditto	4 00	
Scientific						
American Journal of Science	1828	New Haven	B. Silliman	Quarter	212	6 00
Journal of the Franklin Institute	1821	Philadelphia	Thos. P. Jones	Month	70	5 00
Mechanic's Magazine	1833	New York	John Knight	Ditto	3 00	
Hall-Road Journal, &c.	1831	Ditto	D. K. Minor	Weekly	8	3 00
Scientific Tracts	1831	Boston	Holbrook	Month	1 50	

Summary:—Literary, Political, and Miscellaneous, 31—comprising 19,564 pages per ann.—whole cost about £10 50

Theological and Religious—21—10,248

On Law—3—4,536

On the Medical Sciences—7—4,912

On various Sciences—5—3,444

Total, 67 42,724

£13 00

Besides the above, there are numerous Weekly Journals, of a literary character; such as the New York Atlas and Constellation; the Albion, Niles' Register, &c. Juveniles, such as Parley's Magazine, and the Juvenile Miscellany. On Sporting—The American Turf Register, and the New York Sporting Magazine.

* United with the New England Magazine, Jan. 1834.

FINE ARTS.

FINE RATS.
BISHOP BUTLER.

We have seen a design by Mr. S. C. Fripp, lithographed by Mr. Prout, of a very chaste and elegant mural monument, which is about to be erected by subscription in Bristol Cathedral, to the memory of the celebrated author of "The Analogy of Natural and Revealed Religion." The inscription, which is from the pen of Mr. Southey, is as follows:

SACRED
TO THE MEMORY
OF
JOSEPH BUTLER, D.C.L.
TWELVE YEARS BISHOP OF THIS DIOCESE
AND
AFTERWARDS BISHOP DURHAM,
WHICH MORTAL PART IS PRESENTED

IN THE SEAT OF THIS CHURCH,
OTHERS HAD ESTABLISHED
THE HISTORICAL AND PROPHETICAL GROUNDS
OF THE CHRISTIAN RELIGION,
AND
THAT SURE TESTIMONY OF ITS TRUTH
WHICH IS FOUND IN ITS PERFECT ADAPTATION
TO THE HEART OF MAN;
IT WAS RESERVED FOR HIM TO DEVELOPE
ITS ANALOGY TO THE CONSTITUTION
AND COURSE OF NATURE;
AND, LEAVING HIS STRONG FOUNDATIONS
IN THE DEPTH OF THAT GREAT ARGUMENT,
THERE TO CONSTRUCT
ANOTHER AND IRREFRAGABLE PROOF;
THUS RENDERING PHILOSOPHY
SUBSERVIENT TO FAITH;
AND FINDING, IN OUTWARD AND VISIBLE THINGS
THE TYPE AND EVIDENCE
OF THOSE WITHIN THE VAIL

NEW PUBLICATIONS.

Studies from Nature. Engraved by T. Lupton, from Pictures by Sir T. Lawrence. Bulcock. The elegance of the style by which Sir Thomas's portrait-compositions were distinguished pervades these charming little specimens of the rare productions of his landscape pencil. All is undulating, graceful, and refined in form; and the effect is of that deep, rich, yet sparkling tortoise-shell kind, of which the late lamented president was so fond.

The Seventh Plague of Egypt. Painted by J. Martin; engraved by T. Lupton. Bulcock.

REPLET with the grandeur of conception, continuity of line, and powerful opposition of dark and light, which communicate to Mr. Martin's works a character entirely distinct from that of the productions of any other artist. The mingled shower of hail and fire is appalling;—"there was none like it in all the land of Egypt since it became a nation."

DRAMA.

HAYMARKET.

On Wednesday was produced, and on Thursday repeated with great applause, a right merry and conceited comedy, in three acts, from the pen of Mr. Buckstone. It is called *Marry'd Life*, and is of the genuine Little. To a certain calibre—extravagant, droll, witty, full of life, and admirably acted. It is also original, not merely in not being adapted from any foreign drama, but in its own conception and execution. The design is, indeed, both bold and difficult. No fewer than six married pairs (only five on the second night, the servants being excised) make the entire *dramatis persona*. In the first act they are introduced, and their tempers and peculiarities explained ; in the second they all quarrel and separate ; and in the third they are all reconciled, and promise to live in peace and unity together. The matrimonial failings held up in the moral lesson as leading to unhappiness are, a total dif-

ference of dispositions—the one hot, the other freezing cold, in *Mr. and Mrs. Coddle* (Farren and Glover); wife's jealousy and husband's rakishness in *Mr. and Mrs. Lynx* (Vining and Faust); correcting errors in public, *Mr. and Mrs. Dove* (Buckstone and Clifford); the spirit of mutual contradiction, *Mr. and Mrs. Young-husband* (Brindal and Humby); and dogged disregard in *Mr. and Mrs. Dismal* (Strickland and Tayleure). We will not attempt to unravel the plot by which the author works out his exhibition of the effects of these ingredients so inauspicious to conjugal felicity; but merely say that he has resorted to much ingenious contrivance to accomplish a very troublesome task, and keep the spirit of the piece alive after its capital opening in Act I. The dialogue is very smart as well as natural; some of the equivoces are piquant, and as near the edge as they could go, but yet so good that even modesty must stretch a point to find fault. Of the acting throughout it is impossible to speak too highly. Farren's *Coddle*, with two wives, is as fine as anything he ever did, and the perfection of art: Mrs. Glover is a *Mrs. Coddle* worthy of such a spouse. Mrs. Faust, in the jealous wife, is excellent; and Vining, her suspected lord, a partner of no less merit. Buckstone's *Dove*, with his pronunciation always mended by his better-half, is comic in the extreme; and his better-half not worse played by Mrs. W. Clifford. Brindal and Mrs. Humby are laughable in their contradictoriness, and Strickland and Mrs. Tayleure, as they always do, make their apathetic parts tell to the utmost. It is quite a treat to see so entertaining a play, and to see it performed in a style to do credit to any stage. On Thursday the peals of laughter were incessant during the representation; and the close (which Farren gave famously) was hailed with shouts of approbation. The general salute of reconciliation at the close was loudly cheered, and kiss and come again bids fair to be long the order of the night with this most successful production.

ENGLISH OPERA.

The Dead Guest, mellowed and improved by every additional performance, is now as popular as it deserves to be, and as we (speaking more highly of its humorous and musical merits than most of our contemporaries) predicted it would be. The dash of extravagance with which it is seasoned, indeed, did not appear at first to be fully understood; but it has made itself felt, and the whole is a rich piece of melodious comedy, extorting alternate *encores* and *show*s of laughter.

ABBOTT'S BENEFIT

On Monday Mr. Abbott took a benefit at the King's Theatre, previous to his disposing of the Victoria (which was too small for the occasion) to Mr. Glosop; and a bumper house received the public regard for the gallant stand he has made, to the utmost of his means and power, on behalf of the native and legitimate Drama. That stand, it is true, has not been so entirely victorious as could have been wished; but it has established the fact that the English stage requires not, of necessity, the aid of foreign art or licentious exhibitions in lieu of real talent and sterling productions. If the Victoria, across the river, out of the way of either the city or west-end lovers of theatrical amusement, and with a less efficient company than the great patent houses can command, and takes care, like the dog in the manger, to prevent from being employed any where else; if the Victoria, we say, under these and other disadvantages,

vantages, has been able to fight the battle so stoutly, what might we not expect from similar exertions made under more favourable circumstances? With respect to the benefit of Monday, Macready's *Virginius*, one of the most perfect examples of histrionic excellence that was ever witnessed on any stage, backed as it was by the strong cast of Liston and Mrs. Orgen in a farce, would, we think, have been sufficient to fill even the Opera House, without the extrinsic attractions of Grisi in a *Scena di Anna Bolena*, and *Massaniello* by its Gallic supporters. It is true that Grisi was admirable and the ballet ably danced and gesticulated; but Abbott's departure from his principle can only be approved on the ground of anxiety to give his friends every entertainment he could on such an occasion. At all events, the experiment was successful, and a full audience remained to enjoy it till a very late, or rather a very early hour.

The ballet was transported to the Victoria on Tuesday evening, and brilliantly performed, as it was also on Wednesday; but the houses were very thin. We believe the fact to be that the public are sickened with show and ballet; and there is little else any where.

ROYAL KENT THEATRE.

WITH this title a theatre, under new management, has been re-opened at Kensington and it gives us pleasure to vouch for its taking up a higher ground of respectability, in every point, than has yet been witnessed in similar enterprises. The interior is commodious and elegant; and the performances such as may well afford rational amusement to audiences of every class, from the fashionable box-circle to the free-and-easy of the upper gallery. The principal drama, since the commencement on Wednesday week, is called *The Princess and the Physician*: it is taken from the French "Lesloq," by W. Moncrieff; and relates to the elevation of Elizabeth to the throne of Russia by the aid of her physician. There is a good deal of interest in this piece; and it is very fairly enacted. The farces, however, *Raising the Wind*, *The Weathercock*, &c., are still better done; and nightly by a little past eleven o'clock, a sound and reasonable hour, the spectators are dismissed to their homes without cause of regret for the manner in which they have spent their evening. Among the actors are several of established reputation in the theatrical world—Green, S. Bennett, Moss-Tilbury (the manager), &c. &c.; and it may justly be said that the effort deserves success, were it only for having taken up the line of fair-dealing, no quackery, no prostitution, and all the better qualities which larger theatres have thrown off.

VARIETIES.

Fine Arts in France.—The exhibition at the Louvre, according to the present catalogue, consists of 1358 pictures; whereof 352 are by 82 French painters; 525 by 155 Flemish painters; and 481 by 228 Italian and Spanish painters. Seventy-three pictures have been changed in the course of the year.

Mount Vesuvius.—It is hoped, according to the latest accounts from Naples, that the activity and formidable appearance of Vesuvius for some time past, had sunk into repose and accustomed serenity. Up to the 24th of July, the eruptions had continued without cessation; but for five days subsequent to that date, all had been quiet. The morning of the 18th was remarkable for the violence with which volumes

of ashes and stones were ejected, and the formation of two new and small craters on the sides of the larger ones. Next day the principal crater discharged immense columns of smoke, covering the country with darkness; and three new streams of liquid lava were added to those already in operation. Similar phenomena occurred to a great extent to the period we have stated, when the angry mountain once more became tranquil.

Deutsches Leben, Kunst, und Poesie, No. I.; herausgegeben von J. H. Garnier.—(German Life, Art, and Poetry, No. I.; edited by J. H. Garnier.)—A new periodical, appearing (or rather to appear) every fortnight, devoted to subjects, as the title betokens, relating to German literature. We wish it success: its first Number promises fairly: there is an agreeable vein of light and playful humour running through it. The only objection we should be disposed to make is, that it occasionally sins against purity of style. In a language so rich in native treasure it is inexcusable to borrow from a foreign one. We will give an example of what we trust will in future be avoided. In page 6 we have "Der casus hitte arrivieren können":—what necessity is there for the introduction of these two aliens? Would it not have been equally as emphatic, and infinitely purer German, to have said, "Der Fall hätte geschehen können?"

Ancient Sepulchre.—In a tumulus opened at Grishorpe, near Scarborough, almost the entire skeleton of a man, above six feet in height, has been found in a rude coffin. A substance resembling decomposed rushes, discovered along with the bones, having been macerated and examined, turns out to be mistletoe; affording strong reasons to believe that these are the remains of a chief of the Brigantes, who lived anterior to the Roman invasion.

*Dreams.—A remarkable circumstance, connected with the philosophy of *dreaming*, occurred a week ago. Mr. Dalziel, a respectable and intelligent writer to the *Signet*, was required to give evidence in a cause respecting the Fife Bank; when he stated, upon oath, that certain important papers relative to the suit had been mislaid, and could not be discovered on the most diligent search. But on the night preceding the trial he dreamed of the place where they were deposited, and actually found them there in time to be brought forward in the court. This singular operation of mind, independent of waking volition, resting on such unquestionable authority, affords matter for curious speculation in the theories of sleep and of dreams.*

*Aerostatics.—The Parisians were sadly disappointed of their promised exhibition last week, of a balloon ascent from the Champ de Mars—the balloon having unfortunately exploded before the hour appointed for it to raise the machine from the earth, and bear its passengers from Paris to London. The irritated populace tore it all to pieces, and paraded the stripes about the streets. It was lucky for the intended voyagers that the accident happened before they were embarked; as it is, they were only *booked* in the common acceptation of the word, and not in its metaphorical sense.*

Floating Isle.—The floating island which occasionally rises in the Derwent Lake began to make its appearance yesterday fortnight; and as it increases in size is now attracting much curiosity.

Indigo.—The French papers state that the cultivation of Indigo has succeeded perfectly at Algiers, where they gather three crops a year. The plants are not so high as in India, but

equally strong, and the colouring matter asserted to be superior.

March of Knowledge.—The following is a verbatim and literatim specimen of the march of knowledge in Cornwall:—"Misses I am sorry that I cant not come home to day for I cant come to day I cannot settle a bout my things until tuesday and if I can meat with a upturnay before thursday I will com if not I will com on thursday. If you please mam to excuse me for not coming at your time."

LITERARY NOVELTIES.

In the Press.

The Right Use of Freedom, a Tale, for the Instruction, &c. of the Working Population of the West Indies, by Mrs. Carmichael.

Miriam Coffin, or the Whale Fisherman, a Tale.

Mrs. Murray has just announced the following novelties:

Crabb's Unpublished Poems, and Crabb's Sermons; Foxwell's Reminisces (Mrs. Butler's Journal); Residence in the United States; Life of General Wolfe, by Daniel Turner; a new Latin Dictionary for Schools, by the Rev. J. E. Riddle, M.A.; Rev. J. Robert's Sacred Scriptures Illustrated; Buttman's Lexilogus, translated by the Rev. M. Fishlake, M.A.; Mrs. Bray's Description of the Districts of the Tamar and Tavy, in Letters to Mr. Southey; Scenes in Spain, by a Citizen of Louisiana; Kenrick on Greek Prose Composition, Part II., Syntax; Murchison's Geology of Salop.

The Gun, or Treatise on the Manufacture, Nature, and Principle of the various Descriptions of small Fire-Arms, with Suggestions for Improvements, &c. by Wm. Greener.

Wilson Buchan's Domestic Medicine-Book, with Rules for Diet, &c.

A Treatise on Desk Diseases.

LIST OF NEW BOOKS.

Sences from Parisian Life, from the French of Balaïz, 8vo. 8s. sewed.—The Man of Honour, and the Reclaimed, 2 vols. post 8vo. 21s. bd.—History of the United States of America, by George Bancroft, Vol. I. 8vo. 14s. bds.—History of France, in Quotations and Answers, by Sarah Hanson, 12mo. 5s. cloth.—Latin Anthology, selected for the Use of Schools, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—Greek Anthology, selected for the Use of Schools, 12mo. 3s. 6d. cloth.—The Language of Flowers, or Alphabet of Flora, Emblesas, 8vo. 1s. sewed.—Daily Monitor, by Charles Brooks, 8vo. 7s. cloth.—Anglo-Saxon Version of the Story of Apollonius of Tyre, with a literal Translation, by H. Thorpe, F.S.A. 12mo. 6s. bds.—Fourteen Sermons on the Lord's Supper, &c. 12mo. 3s. 4d. bds.—Rev. Archdeacon Parry's Exposition of the Epistle to the Hebrews, 12mo. 6s. 6d. bds.—A Paraphrastic Translation of St. Paul's Epistle to the Romans, by Laius, 12mo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—The Scottish Pulpit, Vol. III. 8vo. 8s. cloth.—Pearls of Sacred Poetry, collected by Mrs. Bourne, 32mo. 2s. 6d. silk.—Landscape Illustrations of Scott's Poetical Works, royal 8vo. 11. 10s. hf.-mor.; 4to. Proofs, 2s. 6d.; India, 2s. 16s.—Don Quixote illustrated by George Cruikshank, fcp. 8vo. 2s. 6d. sewed.—Memoir of a Proposed System of Permanent Fortification, by Joseph Bordwine, 4to. 2s. 6d. cloth.—The Family Book of Reference, by James Luckcock, 12mo. 1s. sewed.—A Defence of the Church of England, by Templum Lalicus, 8vo. 1s. sewed.—The Trial of Captain Augustus Wathen, of the 18th, or King's Hussars, 8vo. 5s. cloth.—Summer Rambles on the Study of Natural History, with coloured Plates, square, 4s. cloth.—Tarver's French Exercises, 12mo. 3s. 6d. bd.

TO CORRESPONDENTS.

* We have received the packet from the other world; and its contents appear to be so different from any thing in this, that we are not inclined to doubt their being genuine. Still we require a short pause for consideration. That they have been fumigated is evident; but the scene is so unlike what we have met with from the Marquess of Conynghame's department, that we could hardly bear the odour for a long continuance under our nose while we perused the letters. Their being post-paid shews a degree of honesty and humanity for which we were not prepared: the variety of character, dark and light, puzzled us too; but, altogether, we merely request

We are glad to see, because it is perfectly in character with a journal of such intelligence and reputation, that the Cambridge Chronicle of this week honourably excuses itself on the subject of our complaint in last Gazette. Many thousands of our pages have been, and are continually pirated in every direction without acknowledgment, and equally without notice from us. Where habitually done, this practice is base and dishonest; but still, like all the other sorts of baseness and dishonesty on which the lowest portions of the press subsist, it is little worthy of the public reprobation of the better order. When accident or hurry prevent a respectable Paper from rendering that easy justice to a contemporary which ought never to be withheld, it seems, as in the present case, only necessary to advert to the circumstance to ensure a prompt and handsome remedy. We have said so much on the subject, so incidentally raised, because it is nevertheless one of general interest.

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